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D&D

The Premier
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Swords & Sorcery and
Science Fiction Gaming

Dragon #13

The Stolen Sacrifice
by Gardner Fox

Inside...

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Toklein in D&D
The Japanese Mythos
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Creature Feature Contest #2



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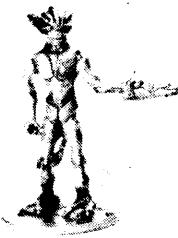
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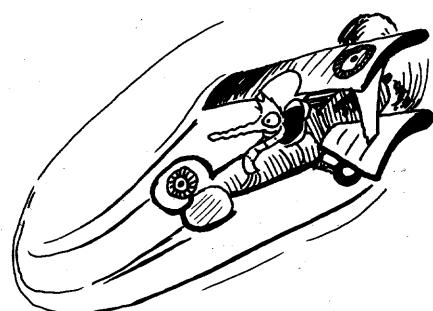
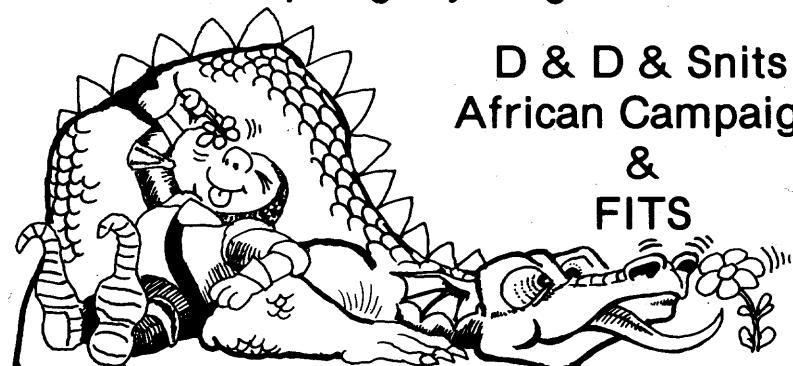
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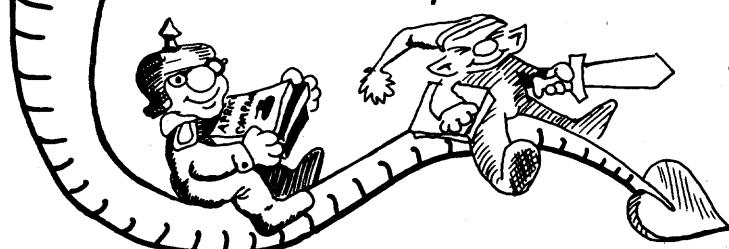
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The Dragon Vol. 2 No. 7

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Timothy J. Kask
Editor

This is the first of our monthly issues. It also marks the third story by Gardner Fox published by THE DRAGON.

In honor of April Fool's Day, we have included in this issue a feature on silly songs to sing, *ala-MAD Magazine*, while adventuring. We would be most interested in seeing more like these, but only if they are fit to print. In honor of one of my own characters, a number of the players here composed a bawdy ditty entitled "Tim, The Lusty Druid" that is definitely NOT suitable for reprinting. We don't need any more of that nature, nor will we publish them, unfortunately. There are simply too many readers of TD that are too young for a "dirty D&D songbook," and we certainly don't need any nasty letters from any mommy-monsters.

You are all invited to attend our *SPRING REVEL* here in picturesque Lake Geneva on April Fool's Day Weekend. See the ad on the preceding page for more details. These small cons are quite different in tone from GenCon, being far less commercially oriented and more playing oriented. For one thing, we on the staff get lots more time to play and judge than we would normally at GenCon.

Speaking of GenCon, this year's edition is being held a little way away from Lake Geneva for the first time in many years. The reasons for the shift are many and varied; we did not make the decision lightly. As anyone that attended last year can tell you, GenCon X was a smashing success at the Playboy Resort. However, even their fine facilities were strained to the utmost with the sheer volume of last year's shindig. This year's location is the campus of Univ. of Wis-Parkside, in Kenosha, WI. More on that as the date draws nearer.

TSR (Periodicals included) hopes to be moving into new quarters in May. It remains to be seen what effect the move will have on us here, but if planning ahead is any guarantee, we should make the transition without your noticing it. We are planning to move into a building significantly larger than the one we presently occupy.

On page 5 of this issue, you will find a curious color ad. The story behind the story makes for fascinating telling in itself. The Harold Shea adventures remain some of the most highly recommended material that a DM could possibly hope to read, dealing as they do with parallel universes and mythology. *THE GREEN MAGICIAN* is the last of the Harold Shea stories, and has been out of print and unavailable for well over 20 years. It is our deep pleasure to announce that this lost classic will be reprinted in TD in two parts (its nearly *thirty-thousand* words long) beginning in TD #15, inaugurating our third year of publishing.

HOW HEAVY IS MY GIANT?



by
SHLUMP DA ORC

Have you ever wanted to know how heavy a giant is or how much a giant can pick up? (loud refrain — "Anything he wants to") Well, the little Kobolds at TSR spent many hours of brain work and reams of paper-work to come up with an answer. Unfortunately they didn't come up with one answer, they came up with many answers. (Democracy at its finest.) None of the Kobolds could remember how to do the scientific law about doubling the size and cubing the mass. So we couldn't use that one to help us.

Of all the answers we came up with we used the one that appeared most reasonable. We used the formula that was created by our smartest Kobold, mainly because none of the rest of us could understand it!! Apparently what he did was base the weight on the increased volume of the torso. As a giant gets taller his torso lengthens too.

Einstein, our smartest Kobold, based his formula on an average human male, 5'8" tall with a 38" chest size, an 18" torso length and who weighs 180 lbs. Then he figured that this portion of the body amounts to 35% of the whole body. Through diabolical methods he discovered that a cubic foot of a human body weighs 47 lbs. Using all of this information he created a formula and calculated the following weights, chest sizes and torso lengths.

Height in Feet	Weight		Chest size Inches Feet	Torso Length Inches Feet
	Pounds	Tons (appx.)		
5'8"	160	—	38"	3'2" 18"
6'	185	—	40"	3'4" 19"
7'	300	—	47"	3'11" 22"
8'	450	—	54"	4'6" 25"
9'	630	1/4 ton	60"	5' 29"
10'	875	1/4 ton	67"	5'7" 32"
11'	1,175	1/2 ton	74"	6'2" 35"
12'	1,510	3/4 ton	80"	6'8" 38"
13'	1,930	1 ton	87"	7'3" 41"
14'	2,240	1 1/4 ton	94"	7'10" 45"
15'	2,950	1 1/2 ton	100"	8'4" 48"
16'	3,600	1 3/4 ton	107"	8'10" 51"
17'	4,340	2 1/4 ton	114"	9'6" 54"
18'	5,120	2 1/2 ton	120"	10' 57"
19'	6,050	3 ton	127"	10'7" 60"
20'	7,010	3 1/2 ton	134"	11'2" 64"
21'	8,140	4 ton	141"	11'9" 67"
22'	9,075	4 1/2 ton	148"	12'4" 70"
23'	10,675	5 1/4 ton	154"	12'10" 73"
24'	12,130	6 ton	161"	13'5" 76"
25'	13,700	6 3/4 ton	168"	14' 79"
26'	15,425	7 3/4 ton	174"	14'6" 83"
27'	17,275	8 1/2 ton	181"	15'1" 86"
28'	19,250	9 1/2 ton	188"	15'8" 89"
29'	21,400	10 3/4 ton	194"	16'2" 92"
30'	23,660	11 3/4 ton	201"	16'9" 96"



The weight, chest size and torso length columns have two units of measurement to help you visualize how large these giants really are.

An important note: These weights and sizes are based on the proportions of an average human male. This means that from 6' to 30' the measurements given are proportionally the same as the 5'8" man. The 30' giant will look exactly like the 5'8" human only taller. These measurements then, being based on an average human will give you an average giant as long as the giant retains the same proportions as the human.

The normal human we've used has a shoulder length of 18" (the same as his torso length); this is average. If that human had a shoulder length of 2 1/2 feet, that would change his weight and chest size. The same is true for giants. Not everybody's giants look the same. Some are squat and thick, others broad shouldered and narrow hipped. Unfortunately the formula only works for the average, proportionally human-like giants. Those of you with different shaped giants must make your own compensations. All of the information derived so far is based on the assumption that the physical, chemical and biological make up of the giants are identical to normal human standards. Some Dungeon Masters might want their giants to have hollow bones or three hearts, etc. Any change from the human norm may possibly affect the giants weight.

Over and Under weight giants. Again based on the 5'8" man his average weight is 160 lbs. but if he were 130 lbs. he would be 20% lighter than normal. A 30' tall giant weighing 20% less than average would weigh 18,836 lbs. A 5'8" man who weighs 200 lbs. is 25% more than average. A 30' tall giant who is 25% heavier than average weighs 29,587 lbs. (almost 15 tons). If you need a lighter or heavier giant base it on the 5'8" man. Find the percent of increase or decrease. i.e., 160 to 130 = -20%, 160 to 200 = +25% etc. Multiply the giants normal weight by the percent and add or subtract the result with the average weight. (Don't forget the percents' decimal point)

The Refined Formula: For those of you who wish to find out the weight and sizes of a larger giant (perhaps a Talos sized giant) this is the formula we used.

First multiply the height of the giant (in inches) by .5588, this reveals the chest size (circumference) in inches. Then multiply the height in inches by .2647 this gives the torso length (in inches) of the giant.



The weight formula is,

$$\left(\frac{3.12 \times \frac{(\text{Chest Size})^2}{6.28} \times \text{Torso Length}}{.35} \right) 47$$

Now doesn't that make a lot of sense?! AHHHHHHHHHH
I hope you have a calculator! !

1. Divide the chest size by 6.28,
2. Square that answer, (multiply it by itself, $2 \times 2 = 4$)
3. Multiply that by 3.12,
4. Multiply that by the torso length,
5. Divide that by .35,
6. Divide that by 1728,
7. Multiply that by 47 (lbs. per cubic foot)

The answer is the giant's weight in pounds.

Example: The 30' giant.

30'	360"	360"
x12"	x.5588	x.2647
360"	2880	2520
	2880	1440
1800		2160
1800		720
201.1680" chest size		95.2920" torso length

1. 201.16 (chest) divided by 6.28 = 32.0
2. 32.0 times 32.0 = 1024.0
3. 1024. times 3.12 = 3194.88
4. 3194.88 times 95.29 (torso) = 304,440.1
5. 304,440.1 divided by .35 = 869,828.88
6. 869,828.88 divided by 1728 = 503.373
7. 503.373 times 47 = 23,658.539 or (23,660 pounds).

How much can a giant pick up?

We make the assumption that a giant can proportionally pick up as much as a man can. This means that like our 160 lb. man, who can carry on his back another 160 lb. man (fireman carry, or 200 yd. man carry army style) a giant should be able to carry a weight equal to his own weight on his back.

Now don't get carried away with the weights an Olympic weight lifter can pick up. Those weights are balanced, symmetrical and designed to be picked up. There aren't too many 50,000 lb. dumbbells lying around for titans to practice on.

An average giant (like an average man) would be able to:

Carry his *full* weight on his back.

- 1) Hold in his arms 3/4 of his weight as easily as an average man could carry a 100 lb. box of books (ugh); this would be dead weight and balanceable.
- 2) Fairly easily pick up in two arms 1/2 his body weight of dead weight.
- 3) With difficulty pick up 1/2 his body weight a struggling animal (like an average man picking up a struggling German Shepard).
- 4) With mild difficulty pick up 1/4 his body weight a struggling animal two handed (like a average man picking up a struggling poodle).
- 5) Fairly easily pick up 1/4 his body weight in one hand of dead weight, balanced and somewhat symmetrical (large tree limb, pillar, spherical rock etc.)

Again let me say, this is an average giant and this is roughly what he can pick up. A 30' tall titan who has taken weight lifting classes should be able to "press" 47,300-71,000 lbs. (2-3 times his weight) if he had the proper equipment.

Non-flesh Giants

Now then, if you want to know the weight of a non-flesh and blood monster (of human proportions) only one thing needs to be changed in the formula. Step 7 is the pounds per cubic foot. For flesh and blood giants the number 47 is used, but to find the weight of a stone Golem or a bronze Talos, this number must be changed to reflect the weight difference of the new body material (stone or bronze). The table at the end of this article will give the weights per cubic/foot of various materials. i.e., Bronze weighs 550 lbs. per cu.ft.

Example: A 60 foot tall Bronze giant named Talos.

60 ft. tall = 720 inches tall.

Chest size, 720" times .5588 = 402.33"

Torso length, 720" times .2647 = 190.58".

The following are the steps for the weight formula;

1. 402.33 divided by 6.28 = 64.06
2. 64.06 times 64.06 = 4104.02
3. 4104.02 times 3.12 = 12,804.54
4. 12,804.54 times 190.58 = 2,440,290.9
5. 2,440,290.9 divided by .35 = 6,972,259.7
6. 6,972,259.7 divided by 1728 = 4,034.87
7. 4,034.87 times 550 (wt. of Bronze cu./ft.) = 2,219,17.85

Roughly 2,220,000 lbs. or 1,110 tons of solid Bronze.

If the insides of the giant are molten metal the weight would possibly be less because heat expands metals and the *volume* is the constant factor here. Roughly then, he could weigh 1,000 tons.

Giant Footsteps

A note for those of you who would like to know how deep this giant's foot steps are. His foot size is 7 1/2 feet by 3 feet (appx.) or 6480 sq./inches of area total for both feet. If he weighed 1,000 tons there would be 340 lbs. per sq./inch of pressure on the ground. Proportionally this is similar to a human walking through 2-4 inches of mud or through fine dry sand on a beach. With every step the giant takes he would sink into the ground 3-6 feet. It is conceivable though, for Talos to sink into soft loam until he was supported by bed rock.

An 8 foot tall Clay Golem weighs 1,435 lbs.

A 9 1/2 foot tall Stone Golem (Granite) weighs 2,640 lbs.

A 12 foot tall Cast Iron Golem weighs 14,155 lbs./appx. 7 tons.

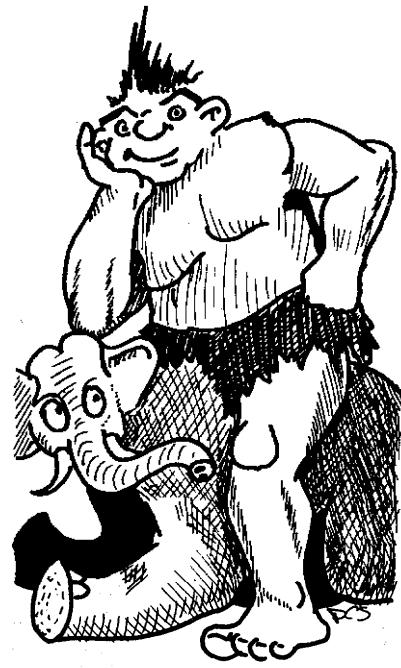
Substance Pounds per Cubic Foot

Aluminum	170
Brass	
Red	545
Yellow	530
Forging	525
Bronze	550
Copper	560
Gold	1,205
Iron	
Pure Ingots	490
Wrought	480
Cast (Gray)	445
Malleable	450
Lead	710
Magnesium	110
Mercury	845
Nickel	555
Platinum	1,340
Silver	655
Silver, Sterling	645
Steel	
Cold Rolled	500
Carbon	485
Tungsten	505
Stainless	500
Tin	
Pure	455
Soft Solder	525
White Metal	454
Pewter	454
Tin Babbitt	470
Titanium	280
Tungsten	1,205
Zinc	445
Substance	Pounds per Cubic Foot
Agate	156-168 Semi-precious stone
Alabaster	168-173 fine pottery
Amber	66-69 used in jewelry

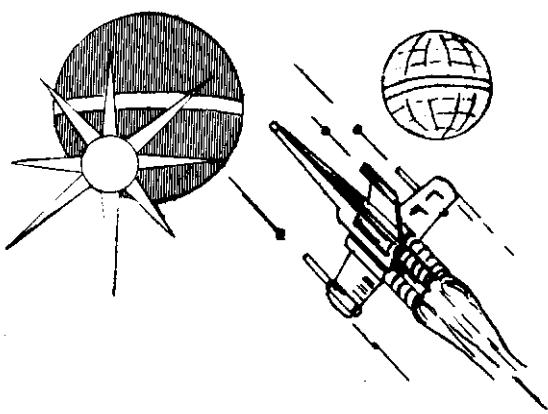


Asbestos	125-175
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Biotite	170-190
Bone	106-125
Brick	87-137
Butter	53-54
Calamine	255-280
Camphor	62
Cement	170-190
Chalk	118-175
Charcoal	35
Cinnabar	507
Clay	112-162
Coal	87-112
Coke	62-105
Cork	14-16
Diamond	188-220
Dolomite	177
Feldspar	159- 172
Flint	164
Galena	460-470
Garnet	197-268
Glass	150-175
Granite	165-172
Gum Arabic	81-87
Hematite	306-330
Ice	57.2
Ivory	114-120
Leather (Dry)	54
Magnetite	306-324
Malachite	231-256

Marble	160-177
Ochre	218
Opal	A red/yellow pigment
Paper	137
Paraffin	Semi-precious stone
Pitch	44-72
Porcelain	54-57
Pyrite	67
Quartz	143-156
Rocksalt	309-318
Rubber	"Fools Gold" Can contain Gold deposits
Hard	165
Soft	Can contain Gold deposits
Sandstone	136
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by Rob Kuntz

Tolkein in Dungeons & Dragons

Many people who play and enjoy *D & D* still have their complaints to offer TSR in one form or the other. One which *crops up persistently* is the comparison issue between *Dungeons and Dragons* and that of J.R.R. Tolkien's works. Some people get to the crux of the matter by stating the obvious disagreements between Tolkien's conceptions and fictional characters as compared to their representation within the *D & D* game format. In some cases I believe they (those who send in proto-Tolkien letters) are trying to impress the creators of *D & D* as to the worthiness of their Tolkien quoted statements. I will attempt to explain our position on *D & D* in conjunction with other worlds of fantasy which influenced its conception and specifically to clear up the fallacious beliefs regarding Tolkien's fantasy as the only fantasy which inspired *D & D*. But first, parts of a letter from a concerned player in the same line . . .

"I was influenced greatly by the writings of Tolkien and was led into the world of fantasy by the inhabitants of the Shire. For this reason I prefer as player characters elves and dwarves. I feel that the 'roll three dice method' of determining the prime requisites of the players is fair and equitable for humans but is ultimately unfair to the non-humans." . . . "I feel it is only fair to these non-human beings to make a concession as follows: For elves roll three dice but put a limit of no less than 12 for strength and 15 for intelligence as minimums so if less is rolled the minimum automatically applies. The dwarves as a people are a race of miners and smiths, therefore a strength of less than 14 would be almost unheard of." . . . "In Tolkien the elves made some of the most powerful offensive weapons . . . I realize that the many varied enchanted blades could not be forged by mere warlocks but feel that one could be enchanted to a mere +1 by six months of hard work."

One might say that I am knit-picking without reason in presenting this letter. I for one believe that this may be a minor problem in the *D & D* field but it, along with other disorganized ideas about the actual way (or the right way) of playing *D & D* create a noticeable dividing line between the way we at TSR play the game and the way we intended it to be played. Individualism within the game itself is stressed and we do not actively go out of our way to remonstrate people for exercising their imagination within their campaign. We also hope that those people will respect the way we play for we think the designers know best.

The game was designed stressing the human aspect of play, humans being ultimately the strongest and predominant race on any earth. With a few exceptions most worlds of Fantasy and Swords & Sorcery writers are predominantly inhabited by humans. Elves, dwarves and hobbits were the minority races on Middle-Earth and were never in the spotlight for long time periods. Furthermore, *D & D* was not written to recreate or in any collective way simulate Professor Tolkien's world or beings. A few were included such as Balrogs, Orcs etc. for it was recognized that Tolkien made some impressions upon the Fantasy literary world which were worth including in *D & D*, but not to the extent of basing the game system around them. That is left up to separate judges — but in doing so they excommunicate themselves from the actual *D & D* system. As I stated earlier we support creative imagination but we also support the premise of *D & D*. Those who base their games around a single work such as *LOT* are playing a campaign based around Middle-Earth and since *D & D* was not written to create a basis for one world, it is thus not strict *D & D*. Players must remember also that elves, dwarves and similar creatures were around before Tolkien took to the field and determinations of advancement etc. are left to the separate authors or judges as the case may arise. Tolkien's elves may have been on the average better than a human of his world but in *D & D* it can be quite the opposite. On the other side of the coin, though elves and dwarves are limited to the level they may attain they gain early ad-

vantage (noticing secret doors, sloping passages etc.) which partially makes up for their lower levels later on.

One must also remember that this system works with the worlds of R.E. Howard, Fritz Leiber and L.S. de Camp and Fletcher Pratt much better than that of Tolkien. If one is to branch away from the *D & D* system, let's say towards Tolkien's world, he will be disappointed to find that most spells, characters etc. do not function well within the epic world of Tolkien's design. The Professor was concerned with presenting a well-told tale of sheer magnitude and greatness culminating with the end of the story, end of the characters, end of the world for all it was worth, for what more was there actually to do? There was not a continuing story line possible, for the story itself was in fact based around the destruction of the Ring and all those events which were spawned from it. As we would say at TSR "END OF ADVENTURE".

What I am saying is that for a role-playing, continuous adventuring world, Tolkien's does not fit well within the *D & D* game style. Thus, difficulties will always be found when one attempts to combine *D & D* and Tolkien's Middle-Earth into one. One last piece of information which might help those people out there who are confused about which "light" *Dungeons & Dragons* should be taken in or how the game was inspired; I suggest you read the following. This is an excerpt taken from the foreword to *Dungeons and Dragons*, written by Gary Gygax.

"These rules are strictly fantasy. Those wargamers who lack imagination, those who don't care for Burroughs' Martian adventures where John Carter is groping through black pits, who feel no thrill upon reading Howards' Conan saga, who do not enjoy the de Camp & Pratt fantasies or Fritz Leiber's Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser pitting their swords against evil sorceries will not be likely to find *Dungeons and Dragons* to their taste."

May you never be caught in a dead end by an iron golem!

MA Variant

THE BIONIC SUPPLEMENT

*Why Is It So Small, Mommy?
Shhh. 'Cause it's transistorized.*

by Brian Blume

Bionics seem to have cluttered up everything nowadays, especially television. If you would like bionics to clutter up your games, try adding the following to your METAMORPHOSIS ALPHA campaign.

Players discovering medical laboratories may request that the robots there replace one or more of their organs with bionic replacements. The player may not choose what is to be replaced, however, the robots will randomly determine what is to be replaced. For each replacement a player desires, the referee will roll once (1-20) on the following table. Obviously, a player cannot receive two bionic hearts, etc.

Die Roll	Replacement	Hit Points	Effect
1-3	One Arm	10	Increases strength. +1 die of damage
4-6	One Leg	10	Increases strength. -1 for opponent to hit. Double speed if both legs.
7-8	One Eye	5	Infra Red & Ultra Violet vision. As Height. vision if both eyes.
9-10	One Ear	5	May hear above & below normal ranges. As Height. hearing if both ears.
11	Nose	5	As Height. smell.
12	Heart	5	Reduces fatigue.
13	Lungs	5	May extract oxygen from water.
14	Digestion	5	May live on rocks, sand, etc.
15-17	Brain	10	50% chance to forget any given fact or item's operation each occasion (defect).
18-20	Torso	30	-2 to hit for both player and his opponents.

Any bionic area has no sensory nerve endings. Bionic areas sustaining damage may only be repaired by maintenance robots. For each bionic area deduct 5 Hit Points, and add the Hit Points listed for the bionic parts.

D&D Variant**D&D OPTION: DEMON GENERATION**

by Jon Pickens

There is no reason why demons in D&D must be limited to the types described in *Eldritch Wizardry*. If those nasties only whetted your appetite for more, the following guidelines can be used to generate an unlimited variety of new demons to plague your players.

All demons have the following properties:

- a) Hit dice and Gate Ability appropriate to their level.
- b) Vulnerability to normal weapons at Level III or less, but magical weapons only at higher levels.
- c) Magic Resistance of 50% at Level I, which increases by 5% for each additional level of the demon.
- d) Special abilities as determined on the tables below. Note that no demon may have both fire and ice powers.

Abilities	1	2	3	4	5	6
Level I	2	-	-	-	-	-
Level II	3	2	-	-	-	-
Level III	3	2	2	-	-	-
Level IV	3	3	2	1	-	-
Level V	3	3	2	2	1	-
Level VI	3	3	3	2	2	1
Prince	1-6 powers of each level, but never less in any category than a Level VI demon, nor more powers of a higher level than a lesser. Also has a 50% chance of an Artifact.					

Level 1	Level 2	Level 3
1 Detect Hidden and Invisible Enemies	1 Fear	1 Illusion
2 Darkness 5' radius	2 Levitate	2 Polymorph Self
3 Poison Bite or Sting	3 Darkness 10' rad.	3 Slow 1/day
4 Detect Magic	4 Read Language	4 Haste 1/day
5 Fly at will	5 Web 1-3/day	5 Sleep 1-3/day
6 1-3 Magic Missile/day	6 Blink as Blink Dog	6 ESP 1-3/day
7 Mirror Image 1-3/day	7 Speak with dead*	7 Growth of plants
8 Charm (if gaze met)	8 Dimension Door	8 Growth of Animals
9 Speak with animals	9 Snake Charm*	9 Sticks to Snakes*
10 Ventriloquism	10 Read Magic	10 Hypnotise
11 Pyrotechnics	11 Mind Blank 1/day	11 Dispell Magic*
12 Telekinesis as per Level (see EW)	12 Produce Flame (as Druid)	12 Regenerate 1-3 pts/round
Level 4	Level 5	Level 6
1 Suggestion 1-3/day	1 Drain 1 energy level	1 Power Word
2 Projected Image	2 Shape Change	2 Two Symbols
3 One Non-Fatal Symbol	3 Telepathy	3 Rotting Disease
4 Magic Jar 1-3/day	4 Fireball (Cold Cone)*	4 Touch (see EW)
5 Wall of Fire (Ice) 1-3/day	5 Lightning Bolt*	4 Feeblemind
6 Clairvoy. with Clairaud. 3 times/day	6 Cloudkill	5 Mass Charm
7 Create Food*	7 Passwall	6 One Time Stop/day
8 Repulsion 1-3/day	8 Animate Objects*	7 Control Weather
9 Gaseous Form	9 Animate Dead*	8 Death Spell
10 Once Ice Storm (Fire Storm)/day	10 Grant Limited Wish (1/day)	9 Polymorph Object 1/day
11 Maze 1-3/day	11 Elemental Form**	10 Grant Wish 1/day
12 +5% magic resistance	12 +10% magic resistance	11 Conjure Animal 1/day
		12 Aging Touch 10-40 yrs.

*Multiply Demon's level by 2 (1-3) or 3 (4-6) to determine the equivalent MU/Cleric level of capability. Princes always have the capabilities of 19th Level MUs or clerics.

**Elemental form allows the demon to take on the form of a specified elemental with appropriate augmentation of its fighting abilities. For example, a demon with Fire Elemental form would immolate as a Balrog, while one with an Air Elemental form could turn into a Whirlwind at will. Only one form is gained for each time the ability is indicated.

In order to determine exactly what the demon looks like, roll two dice on the dungeon encounter table of the proper level. Mix the results



anyway you like to come up with the most hideous appearance possible. If the creatures have any special abilities, the demon gains these too (abilities of men, like additional MU spells, Thief abilities, Fighter strength bonuses, etc will NOT be gained). Level V and VI demons must have one roll considered "human" (no special-abilities) or Basic Animal (outdoor encounter table), as giving them a chance for the special abilities of two monsters types makes them too powerful. ((One playtest demon was a Vampire with a Beholder head — NO WAY!))

EXAMPLE: Putting it all together, I shall now create Nasthrapur, a 6th level demon. Assume the following rolls: LI 2,6,6; LII 1,1,10; LIII 10,12,12; LIV 10,12; LV 4,10; LVI 5. Since a roll for MU level came up "3", the demon has the MU capabilities of a 12th Level MU/Cleric.

- LEVEL I: Darkness 5' radius.
- LEVEL II: Magic Missiles (from 2-6 per day possible. Assume 4.)
- LEVEL III: Fear, twice the normal range (of wand). -2 on saving throws. Read magic.
- LEVEL IV: Hypnotise as Illusionist.
- LEVEL V: Regenerate (2-6 pts per melee round. Assume 5 points)
- LEVEL VI: Firestorm, 1/day. (Since whether the demon has fire or ice powers has not been determined, this was decided randomly.)
- LEVEL V: Magic Resistance raised to 80%.
- LEVEL VI: Fireball of 12 dice.
- LEVEL VI: Magic Resistance raised to 90%.
- LEVEL VI: Mass Charm

In addition, he receives the normal benefits of being a 6th Level demon: eight 10-sided hit dice, a 70% chance of gating in a Level 3 or 4 demon, and can be hit by magic weapons only.

Assume his appearance is a cross between a Red Dragon and Wild Cattle. Such a creature might have a bull's head and hooves, but a scaly body and leathery wings. A dragon's taloned forelegs take the place of arms. This combination will give the demon the following special abilities: bite/butt/claw attacks, flight, and a breath weapon of fire usable three times per day that does 24 points of damage (assuming the dragon maturity roll was a 2).

All in all, someone you don't want to meet in a back alley!

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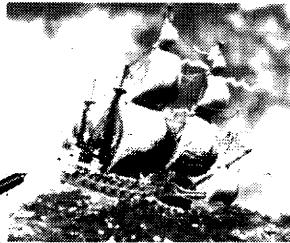


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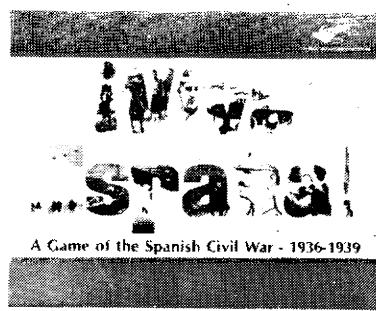
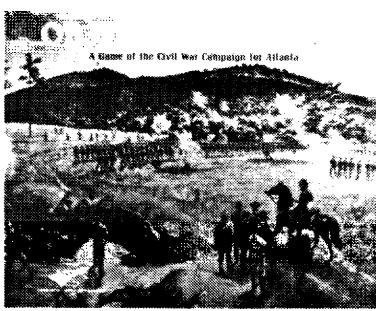
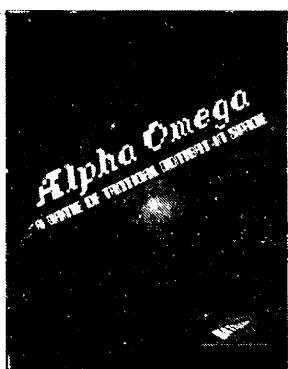
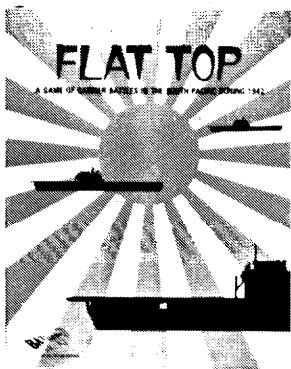


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D&D Variant**THE JAPANESE MYTHOS**

by Jerome Arkenberg

Japanese mythology is a mixture of Buddhism and Shinto. The main concern of Shinto is with Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, and her relations and descendants. The beliefs of Shinto also includes the belief that everything (mineral, animal, and vegetable) has its own **kami** or spirit. When Buddhism was introduced to Japan in the late 6th Century A.D., Shinto gods and goddesses, to a certain degree, became integrated with the Buddhist pantheon, and vice versa.

THE GODS AND GODDESSES**AMERTERASU** — The Sun Goddess

Armor Class: -2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
 Hit Points: 300 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Ameterasu is the deity from which the Japanese Imperial family is descended. She appears as a beautiful, young woman. She can Fly, Teleport, and use Continual Light, Darkness, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, and ESP spells.

TSUKIYOMI-NO-MIKOTO — The Moon God

Armor Class: -2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
 Hit Points: 275 Psionic Ability: Class 6

The Moon God is the brother of Ameterasu. Though he is her brother, he does not play a large part in the myths of Japan. Thus he is not well known by name. He can Fly, Teleport, and use Light and Darkness spells.

SUSANO — The Storm God

Armor Class: -2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
 Hit Points: 290 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Susano is also associated with Forests, as well as with storms. He is heavily bearded and a middle-aged man in appearance. He is very courageous and very cunning. He has two jewels, one of which is used in producing hail, the other in producing lightning. He can Teleport, Shapechange, Control Weather, and produce Lightning Bolts, and Ice Storms.

IZANAGI & IZANAMI — The Creators

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: Lord — 10th
 Hit Points: 200 Psionic Ability: Class 6

This couple gave birth to the gods and goddesses, the mountains, the land, and all the diverse **Kamis**. They can clone, Transmute Rock-Mud, Lower and Part water, Move Earth, and use Permanent Spells.

RYUJIN — The Dragon King of the Sea

Armor Class: -1 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 15" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
 Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 6

The Dragon King of the Sea is a manlike creature that wears a crown in the shape of a serpent. He has the aspect of an old man with long whiskers. His palace is at the bottom of the Sea. He is known to have rewarded mortals that have done him a service with supernatural gifts, such as a bag of rice which replenishes whatever is taken from it. He can Lower and Part Water, Shapechange, Teleport, Polymorph any object, Massmorph, Create Water, and Water-Breath.

HACHIMAN — God of War

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
 Hit Points: 200 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Hachiman looks like a man of 35, wearing a loose robe, mounted on a horse.. His sword is +3 to hit doing 24-48 points of damage. He also has a set of magical arrows which never miss. They do 7-12 points of damage. He can Teleport, and use Strength, Shield, and Magic Missile spells.

INARI — Rice God

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 15" Fighter Ability: Lord — 10th
 Hit Points: 175 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Inari is a bearded man, but he also appears as a woman and a fox. The fox, indeed, is the messenger of Inari. He is the patron of swordsmiths and traders also. He can Shapechange, Teleport, Growth/Plant, Charm Plant, Polymorph any object, Create Food.

KWANNON — Goddess of Mercy

Armor Class: 0 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 16" Fighter Ability: 7th
 Hit Points: 175 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Kwannon is a matronly deity. She will never deny mercy to those that call on her. If necessary, she herself will suffer whatever the supplicant was to suffer, though usually she will merely try to prevent it from happening. She can Shapechange, Teleport, Polymorph others, Stun, Anti-magic Shell, Protection/Evil, Protection/Missiles, Invisibility, and Stone-to-Flesh.

SUKA-NA-BIKO or **MOMOTARO** — "Small Renown Man"

Armor Class: 3 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 10" Fighter Ability: Lord — 12th
 Hit Points: 175 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Momotaro is dwarfish in size, and wears moth wings and tiny feathers. He can cure diseases, for he is versed in medical lore. He often appears to lead people to hot springs. He can also cure Light Wounds and Serious Wounds, and Purify Food and Water.

THE SEVEN GODS OF LUCK**HOTEI** — God of Luck

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 15" Fighter Ability: 7th
 Hit Points: 150 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Hotei has a huge stomach, below which his garments sag. He is very good-natured. He can use Wish, Polymorph any object, Mass Charm, Charm Plants, Charm Person, Telekinesis, and Protection/Evil spells.

JUROJIN — God of Luck & Longevity

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 15" Fighter Ability: 7th
 Hit Points: 150 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Jurojin is always in the company of a crane, tortoise, or stag. He has a white beard and carries a **shaku** (a sacred staff on which is fastened a scroll containing the wisdom of the world). He also enjoys **sake** in moderation. He can counter the effects of a Staff of Withering. He can also use Wish, Time Stop, Charm Person, Charm Plants, Mass charm and Protection from Evil spells.

FUKUROKUJO — God of Luck

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 15" Fighter Ability: 7th
 Hit Points: 150 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Fukurokujo has a very long and narrow head and a very short body (actually his head was longer than his legs). He can use Wish, Charm Person, Polymorph and Object, Charm Plants, and Protection from Evil spells.

BISHAMON — God of Luck (*illus. on pg. 12*)

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 15" Fighter Ability: Lord — 10th
 Hit Points: 150 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Bishamon is always dressed in full armor, carrying a spear in one hand, and a miniature pagoda in the other. He can use Wish, Charm Person, Strength, Magic Missile, Shield, Polymorph any Object, and Protection from Evil spells.

DAIKOKU — God of Luck & Wealth

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 15" Fighter Ability: 7th
 Hit Points: 150 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Daikoku is also the guardian of farmers and is a cheerful god. He carries a mallet which can grant wishes. He is usually sitting on rice-bales, with his treasure hung over his shoulder in a sack. He can use Charm Person, Wish, Polymorph any object, and Protection from Evil spells.

EBISU — God of Luck

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 15" Fighter Ability: 7th
 Hit Points: 150 Psionic Ability: Class 6

BISHAMON TRAMPLING A DEMON



Ebisu is a hard worker. He is the patron of tradesmen and fishermen. He usually carries a fishing rod and a sea bream. He can Wish, Charm Person, Polymorph any object, and use Protection from Evil spells.

BENTEN — Goddess of Luck and Goddess of the Sea
 Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: See Below
 Move: 15" Fighter Ability: 7th
 Hit Points: 150 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Benten is many things. She is the patroness of Literature and music, and a giver of wealth and romantic happiness. The Sea is her home, and her father is the Dragon King of the Sea. Benten has eight arms, two of which are always folded in prayer. She is usually either riding or accompanied by a dragon. She uses a White Serpent for her messenger. She can use Charm Person, Water Breathing, Lower and Part Water, Teleport, Shapechange, Wish, Polymorph any object, and Protection from Evil spells.

SHAKA-NYORAI — The Buddha Sakyamuni
 Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 20th
 Move: 14" Fighter Ability: 5th
 Hit Points: 275 Psionic Class: Class 1

Shaka-Nyorai is the Indian Sakyamuni, the Buddha, the founder of Buddhism. He is a mature man, wearing a simple robe, and is either sitting or standing, contemplating.

YAKUSHI-NYORAI — The Buddha Bhaisajy aguru
 Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 15th
 Move: 14" Fighter Ability: 5th
 Hit Points: 275 Psionic Ability: Class 2

Yakuski-Nyorai is the "Master with remedies". He is also a mature man, wears a simple robe, and holds a medicine jar in his left hand. He can cure anything.

AMIDA-NYORAI — The Buddha Amitabha
 Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 17th
 Move: 14" Fighter Ability: 5th
 Hit Points: 275 Psionic Ability: Class 1

Amida-Nyorai is the "Buddha of Infinite Light", whose help is spiritual, and is called upon in the hour of death. He is a nature man, and is either seated in concentration with his thumbs bent, or standing, making a welcoming gesture.

DAINICHI-NYORAI — The Buddha Mahavairocana
 Armor Class: 0 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 23rd
 Move: 14" Fighter Ability: 6th
 Hit Points: 300 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Dainichi-Nyorai is "the personification of the Absolute in the form of the supreme, omnipresent buddha." He is draped in finery and wears a diadem.

MIROKU-BOSATSU — The Buddha of the Future
 Armor Class: 4 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 10th
 Move: 14" Fighter Ability: 5th
 Hit Points: 275 Psionic Ability: Class 4

Miroku-Bosatsu is the Buddha of the Future, who will appear 5000 years after the entrance of Ahaka-Nyorai into Nirvana. He appears in the "pensive" attitude, holding a stupa.

KANNON-BOSATSU — The "Great Compassionate One"
 Armor Class: 4 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 10th
 Move: 14" Fighter Ability: 4th
 Hit Points: 225 Psionic Ability: Class 4

Kannon-Bosatsu is the one to call on during times of affliction. He wears the finery and jewels of a prince.

MONJU-BOSATSU — "Guide of all Buddhas"
 Armor Class: 4 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 9th
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 4th
 Hit Points: 225 Psionic Ability: Class 4

Monju-Bosatsu is supreme wisdom. He is usually seated on a lion, holding a scroll in one hand, a sword in the other.

FUGEN-BOSATSU — "He whose goodness is omnipresent"
 Armor Class: 4 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 9th
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 4th
 Hit Points: 225 Psionic Ability: Class 4

Fugen-Bosatsu represents innate reason. He is seated on a white elephant with six tusks, with his hands joined.

JIZO-BOSATSU — Protector of the Dead
 Armor Class: 4 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 9th
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 4th
 Hit Points: 225 Psionic Ability: Class 4

Jizo-Bosatsu is the protector of the dead in the after-world, representing them before the judges of the dead. He appears as a monk with shaven head, "dressed in a long robe and holding a stick with tinkling rings on one end, which put the powers of darkness to flight."

FUDO-MYOO — The "Immovable" (illus. →)
 Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 13th
 Move: 14" Fighter Ability: 12th
 Hit Points: 225 Psionic Ability: Class 5

Fudo-Myoo is the chief of the 'Five Great Kings of Science' and puts evil demons to flight. His body is blue-black, and of a stocky shape. His teeth protrude from his mouth, one eye is dilated, the other contracted. He carries a sword in one hand, and a rope in the other. He is either standing or sitting on a diamond-hard rock, surrounded by flames. He is a support "in all enterprises requiring strength of purpose."

AIZEN-MYOO — God of Love
 Armor Class: 1 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 14th
 Move: 14" Fighter Ability: 7th
 Hit Points: 200 Psionic Ability: Class 2

Aizen-Myoo, though popularly worshipped as the God of Love, actually he represents sexual passion changed into desire for enlightenment. He has a red body with eight arms, three eyes, bristling hair, with a lion in that hair, and seated on a lotus.

OTHER SHINTO GODS

FUJIN — God of the Winds. He holds a bag containing the winds across his shoulders. His skin is green, and his face has a hideous appearance.

KOSENSEI — The Sage with a Toad. This sage lived a long life, and could turn himself into a reptile. He is completely hairless with warts on his skin.

OH-KUNI-NUSHI — The Son-in-law of Susano. He rules the Izumo peninsula, and has Susano's sword, bow, and arrows, and **koto** (harp).

RAIDEN — God of Thunder. He is, in appearance, a demon.

SHI-TENNO — The Four Guardians who keep the world safe from the attacks of demons.

SHOKI — The Demon Queller

TENJIN — God of Calligraphy. He was a great scholar, a man of great physical courage, and he appreciated plant life.

UKE-MOCHI — God of Food. This God produces all kinds of foods (cooked and uncooked, prepared, and unprepared) by opening her mouth and letting the food spew out of it.

UMI-BOZO — A giant, ghostly, "Sea Priest", who rises from the depths of the Sea to frighten travellers on the Ocean.

UZUME — Goddess of Mirth

YAMA-UBA — Female Mountain Spirits

THE CREATURE

THE KAPPA

Armor Class: 3

Magic Ability: Wizard — 14th

Move: 10"

Fighter Ability: Lord — 10th

Hit Points: 100

Psionic Ability: Class 6

The Kappa resemble monkeys without fur. Sometimes they have fish scales or tortoise shells instead of skin. They are the size of a 10 year old child, yellowish-green in color, and an indentation in the top of their head, filled with water. If this water is spilled, the Kappa lose all their powers. They live in rivers, pond, or lakes, and are vampiric, feeding upon their prey through the anus (truth!!). They also frequently rape women (whenever they can). They also love cucumbers. They always keep a promise, and they are extremely polite (often bowing to their intended victim, thereby spilling the water in their head). If a human is challenged to single combat with a Kappa, that person must accept.

TENGU

Armor Class: 3

Magic Ability: Wizard — 16th

Move: 14"

Fighter Ability: Lord — 10th

Hit Points: 100

Psionic Ability: Class 6

Tengu inhabit pine trees in mountainous areas, and they live in colonies with a King Tengu and a messenger Tengu. They have wings and a long beak. They are red in color and often wear cloaks and small black hats. They are good swordsmen and very mischievous. They love to play tricks on others, but don't like tricks played on them, and usually retaliate if the latter occurs.



FUDO-MYOO

ONI

Armor Class: 3

Magic Ability: Wizard — 16th

Move: 10"

Fighter Ability: Lord — 10th

Hit Points: 100

Psionic Ability: Class 6

Oni are devils. They can be pink, red, blue, or gray in color. They have horns and three eyes, three toes, and three fingers. They can fly, but seldom do. They are cruel, malicious and lecherous and are not intelligent. They carry a mallet or iron-spiked rod and wear a tiger-skin loincloth. They delight in the human female and often carry away young women to rape them.

YUKI-ONNA — The Snow Woman

Armor Class: 2

Magic Ability: See Below

Move: 15"

Fighter Ability: 7th

Hit Points: 175

Psionic Ability: Class 6

The Snow Woman is a ghastly, ghostly white spirit. She appears in snowstorms to lull men to sleep and thus death. She is young with a very beautiful body and seemingly gentle disposition. She can use Charm Person, Sleep, Invisibility, Shapechange, Teleport, and Ice Storms spells.

THE HEROES

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Armor Class: -2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 5" Fighter Ability: 7th
 Hit Points: 50 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 12; INT: 14; WIS: 13; CON: 18; DEX: 18; CHA: 14

This hero is only a few inches tall. His sword is a needle stuck in a scabbard of straw. In spite of his size, he is able to slay monsters and oni and such by poking their eyes out, and so forth.

KINTARO — The Golden Boy

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 10th
 Hit Points: 80 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 1899; INT: 12; WIS: 17; CON: 15; DEX: 16; CHA: 17

Kintaro has marvelous golden skin. He is known for his tremendous strength, loyalty. Eventually he became a warrior for Yorimitsu.

RAIKO or YORIMITSU

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 10th
 Hit Points: 80 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 1850; INT: 17; WIS: 13; CON: 16; DEX: 17; CHA: 15

Raiko was a leader of the Minamoto clan and was served by four lieutenants. He often fought Oni and rescued women.

TAWARA TODA or HIDESATO

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 10th
 Hit Points: 80 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 1865; INT: 14; WIS: 12; CON: 15; DEX: 17; CHA: 15

Tawara Toda was a man of bravery and honor. He once killed a gigantic magical centipede with an arrow for Ryujin. From him he received three gifts: a bag of rice which was self-replenishing; a roll of self-replenishing silk cloth; and a cooking pot which heats without the use of fire.

BENKEI

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 14" Fighter Ability: 12th
 Hit Points: 100 Psionic Ability: Nil

STR: 1860; INT: 13; WIS: 10; CON: 17; DEX: 17; CHA: 16

Benkei is 10 feet tall, with the strength of a hundred men, and able to run as fast as the wind. Benkei is very vain and likes to challenge other swordsmen to show off his skill in swordsmanship. He later became inseparable from Yoshitsune.

YOSHITSUNE

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 11th
 Hit Points: 90 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 1875; INT: 15; WIS: 12; CON: 17; DEX: 18; CHA: 16

Yoshitsune is another hero of the Minamoto Clan. Yoshitsune was also the only swordsman to defeat Benkei.

LIGHT-OF-FIRE & SHADE-OF-FIRE

Armor Class: 1 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 10th
 Hit Points: 80 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 17; INT: 14; WIS: 14; CON: 15; DEX: 17; CHA: 17

These two mythical princes were brothers. Light-of-Fire was an excellent fisherman, Shade-of-Fire an excellent hunter. Shade-of-Fire later married the Sea King's daughter and she gave him the Tide Flowing and Tide Ebbing Jewels.

YAMAMOTO DATE

Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 11th
 Hit Points: 90 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 1850; INT: 17; WIS: 16; CON: 15; DEX: 17; CHA: 17

Yamamoto Date was the son of the Emperor Keiko and the father of the Emperor Chuai, though he himself never became Emperor. However, he was a mighty fighter and patriot.

SHOTOKU DAIISHI

Armor Class: 9 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 10th
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 4th
 Hit Points: 50 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 8; INT: 18; WIS: 18; CON: 14; DEX: 10; CHA: 13

Shotoku Daishi introduced Buddhism to Japan. He was a law

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giver, a social reformer, and a devout Buddhist, considered a saint by Japanese Buddhists.

YOSHI-IYE
 Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 10th
 Hit Points: 80 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 1880; INT: 12; WIS: 12; CON: 16; DEX: 17; CHA: 15

Yoski-Iye was an early Minamoto hero. He was a powerful Bowman (once having pierced a rock with a bowshot and causing water to gush forth). These arrows are +2 to hit.

KIYOMORI
 Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 10th
 Hit Points: 80 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 18; INT: 14; WIS: 10; CON: 15; DEX: 17; CHA: 17

Kiyomori was the head of the Taira clan, the arch-rivals of the Minamoto Clan. He was a great fighter and a very lustful man.

TAMETOMO
 Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Nil
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 10th
 Hit Points: 80 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 1845; INT: 15; WIS: 15; CON: 16; DEX: 18; CHA: 15

Tametomo was the uncle of Yoshitsune. He was a great Archer (once having sunk a ship with a single bowshot!). His arrow are +4 to hit.

EN NO SHOKAKU
 Armor Class: 9 Magic Ability: Wizard — 12th
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 4th
 Hit Points: 60 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 7; INT: 18; WIS: 12; CON: 14; DEX: 17; CHA: 12

En No Shokaku was condemned to death as a magician. But by "mystic signs" he caused the Executioner's sword to shatter, and then he flew away, never to return.

KOBO DAISHI
 Armor Class: 9 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 14th
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 5th
 Hit Points: 70 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 10; INT: 17; WIS: 18; CON: 15; DEX: 16; CHA: 16

Kobo Daisiki is known as a sculptor, traveller, preacher, and miracle worker. Disguised as a beggar, he often rewarded the generous and punished the greedy.

NICHIREN
 Armor Class: 9 Magic Ability: Patriarch — 14th
 Move: 12" Fighter Ability: 5th
 Hit Points: 70 Psionic Ability: Nil
 STR: 7; INT: 15; WIS: 18; CON: 15; DEX: 16; CHA: 12

Like En No Shokaku, when Nichiren was condemned to death, he could not be decapitated. He was a very holy man.

THE TREASURES

THE TIDE FLOWING & TIDE EBBING JEWELS

These Jewels are about the size of Bowling Balls. They are used to control the ebbing and flowing of the tide. Both are priceless.

JEWELS OF HAIL & LIGHTNING

These jewels are used by Susano, the Storm God, to produce hail and lightning, respectively. They are both priceless.

IMPERIAL JEWELS

These jewels were given to the Imperial family by Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess.

IMPERIAL MIRROR

This mirror was given by Ameterasu, the Sun Goddess, to the Imperial family. Mirrors are important to the Japanese. "When the mirror is dim, the soul is unclean."

IMPERIAL SWORD

This sword was found in the tail of a Dragon by Susano, the Storm God. It fell into the Sea during the Battle of Dannoura, and has never been found. It is a Dancing Sword.

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Quartet For Troll, Giant, Orc, and Kobold

by Stone
(tune of By the Light of the Silvery Moon)

Cell of mine
It's a lov-a-ly home
I will not roam
But stay here in my do-
main and guard
All the gold
In the marvelous chest
Its worth is more than Croesus' store
Or the glories of Rome, in my lov-a-ly home

Slimey walls
And seventeen stalls
For one who calls
And my mason who drawls
to me
Vincent Price, and E.A. Poe
Would be at home, with the mortar and loam
And my sixteen small stalls, in my slimey old walls

Lovely gold
So shiny and cold
A hero bold
Tried to steal it, took hold
Of the box
Now he's stiff as an oaken board
His magic glaive no more he'll wave
And he's covered with mold, near my lovely old gold



D&D Monsters' Drinking Song #1

by Stone
(tune of Rosin the Bow)

There once was a dragon named Sophie
A young lass of sweet eighty-two
Knew nothing of the pleasures of Sin, boys
As pure as the sweet morning dew
As pure as the sweet morning dew, my lads
As pure as the sweet morning dew
Knew nothing of the pleasures of sin, and
Nothing of what she should do.

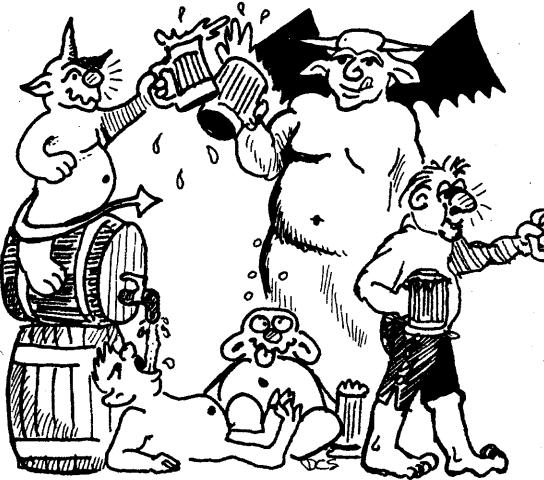
Then came to the dungeon a wizard
A young lad both handsome and proud
He charmed our pure Sophie so cruel
She thought she was up on a cloud
She thought she was up on a cloud
She thought she was up on a cloud
He charmed our pure Sophie so cruel, a
Crime that the D M allowed

She surrendered herself to the wizard
Whose lusts were both horrid and vile
She believed in his sweet honied words, and
Her poor body he did defile
Her poor body he did defile
Her poor body he did defile
She believed in his sweet honied words, she
Dallied with him for a while

The wizard then jilted our Sophie
Her heart it swelled up and did break
Her tears they drowned out thirteen levels
And the wizard she cursed for a rake
The wizard she cursed for a rake
The wizard she cursed for a rake
Her tears they drowned out thirteen levels, she
Swored that her life she would take

A white dragon was our poor Sophie
Whose heart was washed up on a rock
She held her sad breath and turned blue, and
Died of a massive class shock
Died of a massive class shock
Died of a massive class shock
She held her sad breath and turned blue, her
Life it soared out like a hawk

This story has come to an ending
A warning to each sweet young lass
Trust not ye the handsome young wizards, girls
They're cruel and they're vile and they're crass
They're cruel and they're vile and they're crass
They're cruel and they're vile and they're crass
Trust not ye the handsome young wizards, they're
Only out after your heart



Trashers' Drinking Song

by Stone
(tune of Good Night Irene)

chorus

Down in the dungeon, down in the pit
The magic is broken, the dragon's dead
The walls are falling in

Last night we went trashing a dungeon
We took some equipment so neat
A magic sledge hammer, a twelfth level slammer
The walls they went down in defeat

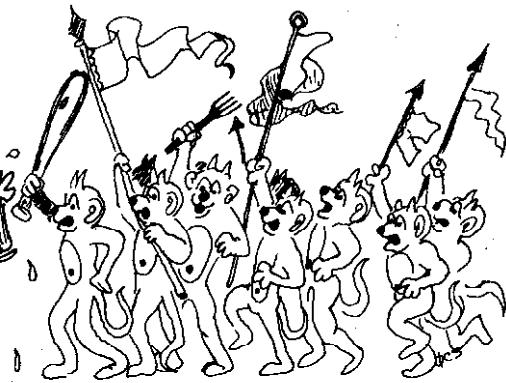
chorus

The oak doors they split all asunder
The wandering monsters did quail
We grabbed an old dragon whose
eyelids were flaggin'
And jumped up and down on his tail

chorus

The walls they were broken like china
As we smashed things we grinned and had fun
And the whole world could see by our
actions that we
Took lessons from Attila the Hun.





**Forward Kobolds to Final
Victory Over the Rapacious
Invasionistic Brigands**

by Stone
(tune of March to Pretoria)

chorus

We are marching through the dungeon
The dungeon
The dungeon
We are marching through the dungeon
And we'll march right over you

I'm a kobold, you're a kobold
And we will march together
And we will march together
And we will march together
I'm a kobold, you're a kobold
And we will march together
In victory through the depths

chorus

Slay the hero, zap the wizard
Protect the buried homeland
Protect the buried homeland
Protect the buried homeland
Slay the hero, zap the wizard
Protect the buried homeland
Victory is our cry

chorus

Hacking the hobbits is quite nifty
For we are brave and bold
For we are brave and bold
For we are brave and bold
Hacking hobbits is quite nifty
For we are brave and bold
And two hundred strong to boot

chorus

Magic swords deter us not
For we are fearless kobolds
For we are fearless kobolds
For we are fearless kobolds
Magic swords deter us not
For we are fearless kobolds
And we sneak up from behind



D&D Monsters' Drinking Song #2

by Stone

(to tune of Long Way to Tipperary)

There was a hero in the dungeon
And his name was Will Gold
He'd a sword arm like no other
He was handsome, he was bold
He'd led a group down for adventure
And they'd found it all about
Then they ran into a balrog nest and
Will began to shout

chorus

Don't slay the Momma balrog
Don't cut into her hide
Remember your own dear mother
And eschew all matricide
Don't molest her, don't annoy her
Have respect for motherhood
And remember while we're in this dungeon
That we're lawful, we're good

The balrogs fought the party
And the balrogs fought best
The D M checked the morale
And the party left the nest
Willie drew his great sword
And he stopped the shameful rout
The party rushed back in, and
Will once more did shout

chorus

The balrogs slew them all then
All except the brave Will
Of his forty-two hit points, he
Had but seven still
With the balrogs all about, he
Knew he'd soon be dead
He swung his magic sword, and
With his last breath, he said

chorus

SLAY THAT MOTHER BALROG
CUT APART HER HIDE
FORGET ABOUT YOUR MOTHER
UP WITH MATRICIDE



D & D Monsters' Drinking Song #3

by Stone

(tune of Farmer in the Dell)

chorus

The heros we run through
the elves and wizards too
Bingh khiad di viliack
And may they all turn blue

The cleric's name was Paul
He thought he'd seen it all
Bingh khlad di viliack
We hit him with a wall

chorus

The hobbit tried to sneak
Just to take a peek
Bingh khlad di viliack
When you squeeze the kid he'll shriek

chorus

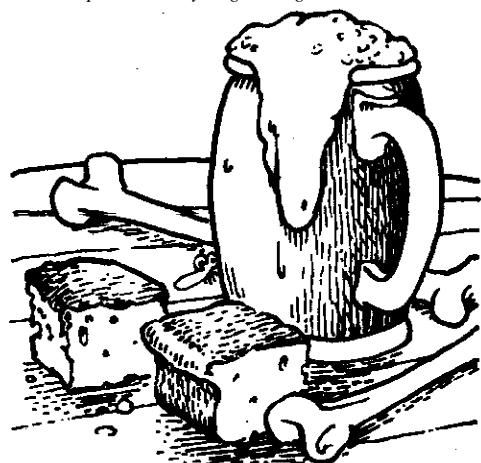
The fighter had a sword
Named Mon Coeur du Nord
Bingh khlad di viliack
So we strangled him with cord

chorus

The wizard's name was Jones
He had some magic bones
Bingh khlad di viliack
We ate him with our scones

chorus

make up verses as you go along



* DO YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT SOME
GOOD VERSES, WE'D LIKE TO SEE 'EM.

WIZZARDS & WARRIORS

by Grenadier



OR THE FINEST IN FANTASY

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WARLORD: Correcting a Few Flaws

by T. Kask

Warlord, (properly known as **The Warlord Game**© 1977 by Robert Williams) came out this summer past, and has failed to receive much recognition or comment. This game deserves better than to fade into obscurity through lack of attention. Granted there are a few problems, but none of these are insurmountable, as can be seen in this article.

The designer has stated that *Warlord* was designed to be a medieval battle game incorporating religion, fate and traditional combat. It is better suited for play by four or more players than just two or three, with the best games containing five or six players. To play a game to conclusion is no mean feat, to be knocked off in a single sitting. But once the sequence of play has been mastered by all players, the game can proceed at a very rapid pace, with completion times of six hours a reasonable expectation.

Warlord has a number of interesting features, the most unique being the terrain and construction counters, used when roads or bridges are built, etc.

The beautiful colored counters provided are a joy to the eye. Each of the six players' units are a different color, and the monetary counters (gold, silver, cows, pigs, and sacks of wheat) are also color coded. In light of the counters' splendor, however, the board is drab and disappointing, being done in shades of green with blue water and black roads and fief-borders. There is a deck of yellow cards printed in black, 34 in all, listing each fief and its value, with one blank to spare. The die cutting is good, but the die was not straight, cutting some of the counters off center. The first games sold contained an eight page rules booklet. More recent copies have also contained a four page errata sheet that is more clarification than true errata, and more charts than both of those. (These errata can be obtained by those of you who purchased the first edition by sending a S.A.S.E. to : Robert Williams Games, P.O. Box 22592, MPLS., MN 55422.

The counter mix is quite adequate for the game. The 99 counters are grouped as follows: 15 mounted knights (6-6), eight foot knights (5-4), 45 foot soldiers-Yeomanry (2-4), three archers-longbow (5-4), four archers-shortbow (4-4), four archers-crossbow (4-4), 12 foot soldiers-heavy infantry (4-4) two catapults (2-four Dukes (8-6), one King (10-6) and one Emperor (12-6). Most additional units are gained throughout the game as fiefs are won. However any player may purchase additional troops in the spring turn of each year. (Suggested Rules Clarification: *Allow no troops to be purchased during the first year.*) The costs of such troops are dear particularly in the case of mounted units. Mounted units cost twice as much as foot figures, and come in much larger denominations, making their purchase a very expensive business. Never-the-less, the extra two movement points are often the difference in reaching a strategic position first and in view of the three unit stacking limit, knights

are powerful pieces. Due to cost effectiveness, never allow yourself to be placed in the position of losing a mounted piece in order to match foot pieces in an exchange.

A quick study of the odds table shows a number of interesting facts about fighting a medieval battle. A breakdown of possible results is as follows:

1:1		2:1/1:2	
DE	7	1-E	9
D-R2	4	1-R2	8
EXCH	9	EXCH	7
AE	8	2-E	6
A-R2	6	2-R2	2
A-R1	1	2-R1	4
3:1/1:3		4:1/1:4	
1-E	12	1-E	13
1-R3	4	1-RT	5
1-R2	8	1-R3	3
EXCH	8	1-R2	5
3-E	2	EXCH	8
3-R1	2	4-R1	2
		22	
1-RT	3		
1-R3	1		
1-R2	1		
EXCH	7		
5-R1	2		

As you can see, attacking at 1:1 odds or worse is a losing proposition. The odd don't justify an attack until you achieve 3:1, and all odds ratios have a high number of exchange possibilities. Medieval warfare was a sanguine endeavor for both parties involved.

Attack by isolation is another alternative. Any unit isolated for an entire year must die. The danger to the attacking force is minimal, provided that all the attacker's enemies are inside the circle.

Defensive strategy is simple, and amply documented in medieval history: build walled cities and castles whenever and wherever possible. With the cumulative terrain effects of this game, castles in woods or on mountains are very defensible. **Suggested Rule Change:** *Building a castle or walled town in a woods hex is prohibited. Hex must be cleared as per clearing forest rules, or add one additional 2-4 unit to hex for one turn (spring), or add one turn to completion time. Building a castle or a walled city on a mountain hex requires an extra 2-4 unit for two seasons (not winter) or add two turns to completion time.*

Suggested Rule Clarification: *Castles should be built within a four hex radius of a town, village or city within that fief.*

The biggest weakness in the *Warlord* game is the beginning of play. Within the 33 fiefs in the game, we find a range of from 248 gold pieces to 68 gold pieces value. As you might imagine, this disparity can greatly affect the beginning of the game, at the very outset. The have-nots are at a distinct disadvantage. To remedy this, we have come up with a couple of suggested changes in which only certain fiefs are available as starting fiefs, and some recommendations on what to do with the richer

fiefs.

Suggested Rules Change: *Designate the fiefs or Lippstadt, Hereford, Rheida, Lingen, and Anholt as church property at the outset. These are the five most valuable fiefs, since in medieval Europe and England the church held the choicest properties. It is an inducement to knavery, but that rule will be dealt with later. As they are rich, they are worth contesting, and the central location of Hereford and Lippstadt makes for a nice warring ground. The remaining three fiefs are selected from those left over (all unclaimed fiefs) after the players have drawn.*

Another problem that the present starting method causes is also result of the blind draw for players' starting fiefs. All too often, two or three players start out right next door to each other and instead of being able to expand a bit before warring with each other they must war right away, while the other players expand. **Suggested Rules Change:** *Players should draw their beginning fief from among the following selections; Techlenburg, Osnabrück, Emmerich, Unna, Gohfeld Rees, Bentheim, Gemen, Steinfurt, Duisburg, Essen and Munster.*

Adoption of this rule goes a long way to eliminate the possibilities of too many players starting off too close together, and greatly reduces the range of starting fief values. The aforementioned fiefs range in value from 82 to 110 monetary units, also cutting down the disparity between the haves and the have-nots. (Refer to diagram.)

Suggested Rule Clarification-Rivers: *Interpret the defense value of defending behind a river to mean that if the attacker is on a river hex, then the defender is doubled, all other aspects being equal.* The mapboard is poorly designed in this respect, and the rivers are not at all consistent in the placement within the hex. This rule should clear up most ambiguous possibilities/combats.

One of the unique rules that makes *Warlords* interesting is the Knavery rule. As any student of medieval history can tell you, the power wielded by the Church was pervasive and absolute. Through the threat or implementation of Sanction, Ostracism, and Excommunication, the Church was the true power prior to the rise of the monarchy. In *Warlord* the author hasn't gone far enough in defining and penalizing Knavery. Any player sacking a monastery becomes a knave until such time as he makes restitution. Under the present rules the only penalty is an extra roll on Fate Chart (which might not be a penalty after all), and a penalty of 100 marks to the bank. Particularly in view of the fact that the earlier suggested rule change concerning church fiefs makes them more valuable, this penalty is not sufficient inducement to atone for knavery and restore your "good name".

Suggested Rule Change: *A player becoming, or being, a knave will get no new knights when gaining fiefs (6-6 mtd or 5-4 foot) until he has atoned for his knavery and re-estab-*

lished his good name. Further, all knights presently in service to the knave must check morale to see if they wish to stay in his service. Morale is checked as follows; when the/act is committed, rolled one six-sided die for each knight or noble. One a roll of "6" roll again; 1-2 can be bribed to remain (10 for foot, 20 per mtd); 3-4 leave service; 5-6 will join nearest enemy and immediately moves to join nearest concentration of enemy forces at double movement for first turn. Each Knight must be checked only once; once a Knight has tolerated a knavish act, he will tolerate others. If a player commits knavery twice, only those knights gained since the last time need check.

The rules provide for challenging another player to a personal duel, and if the challenged player refuses, he may be called a knave for one turn. This is a good rule for dealing with broken promises, treaties, etc. The danger lies in wanton challenges that are unfounded or unjust. **Suggested Rule Change:** When one player challenges another, and the other refuses, the rest of the player characters must serve as a Council of Peers and determine if the original challenge is justified. If it is decided by the rest of the players to be just, then the refusing player is indeed a knave. If the players determine however, that the original challenge is unjust, then the falsely accusing knight is named a knave for one turn for his deceit.

The game has only one other oversight in it's worthy of note. The concept of command has been completely ignored. During the medieval period, powerful dukes and such did not send out armies under the command of others as a rule. Normally, due to the fuedal dues system, the person commanding allegiance had to be present. Similarly, mistrust and the rapacious nature of social and political maneuvering made it unsound to put ones' troop under someone else's command. Doing so might cost you your holdings and/even your very life. This is most true in the case of smaller lords. Only after your powerbase is large and secure can you as a powerful medieval baron or duke entrust others, faithful and proven Leigemen, to command your troops. This idea is only briefly considered in the design of the game; when seriously wounded at a tournament you are prevented from being involved in combat for two turns. Under the present rules, this means you just leave your counter in your castle or walled city while you recuperate.

Suggested Rules Change: *Command Control Radius. To reflect the state of medieval warfare the following rules are suggested: 1) No group of units may attack unless in the presence of the commander or a sub commander, 2) "Presence" is defined as a hex-radius, number of hexes determined by rank as follows: Ft. Knt (5-4)-One hex radius; Mtd. Knt. (6-6)-Two hex radius; Duke (8-6)-Three hex radius; King (10-6)-Four hex radius. 3) Sub-commanders are gained as follows; at the following ranks: Duke, 1Ft. Knt. (5-4); 8th Fief, add one Mtd. Knt. (6-6); King, add one Duke (8-6); 16th Fief add one Mtd. Knt. (6-6). Therefore, a 16 fief King would have a maxi-*

Two Mtd. Knts. and one Duke. 4) Mercenary Sub-Commanders are prohibited. 5) When engaged in combat, not within control range, but rather in actual combat, any commander or sub-commander unit adds "1" to it's combat value (i.e. a Mtd Knt. would be worth 7 if it was a sub-commander.) This addition affects only the stack in which the commander is located, NOT all those attacks within range. It has no effect during tournaments.

If a sub-commander is killed in combat or in a tournament, a replacement can be named during the next campaign turn.

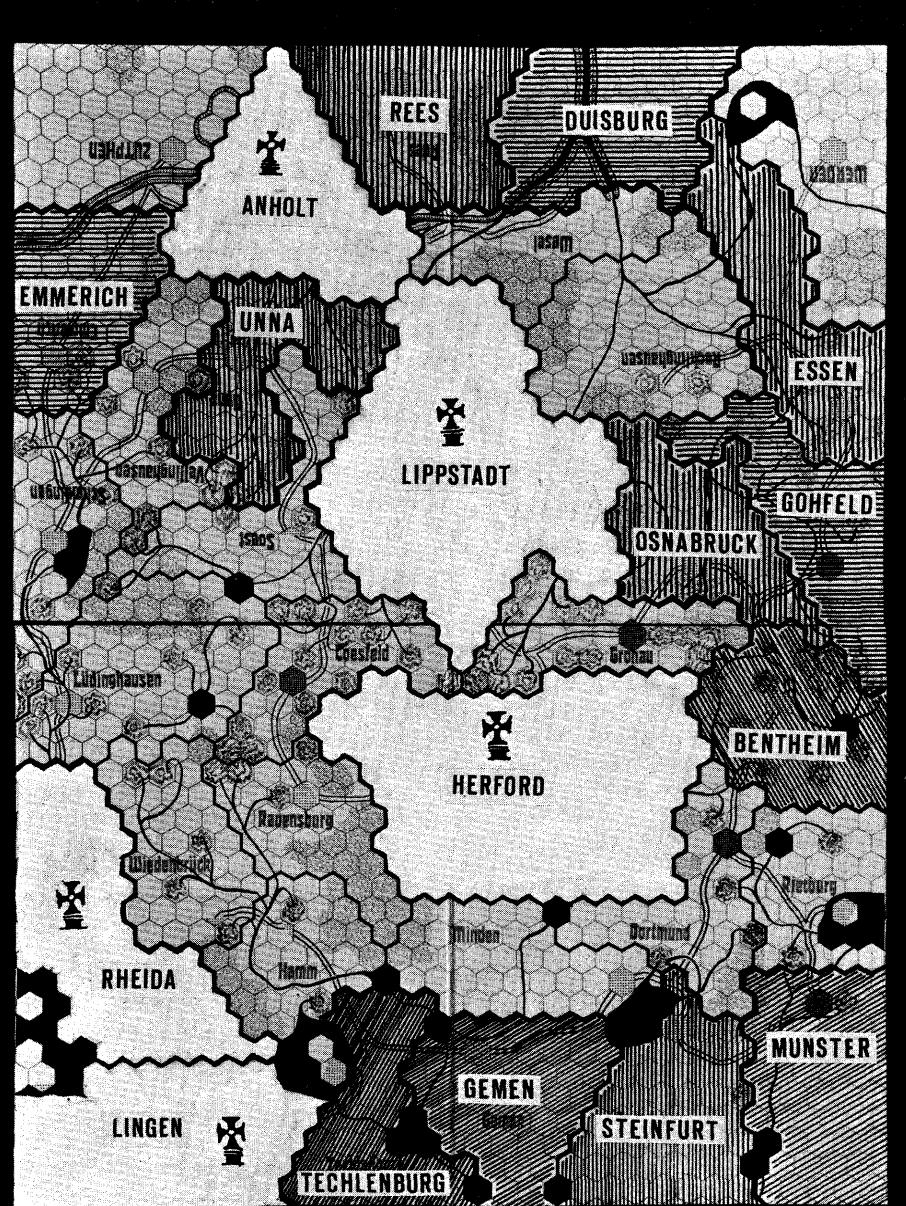
It is also suggested that when sending someone other than yourself to fight in a full tournament, a sub-commander be selected to represent you as your champion.

Adoption of these rules is sure to alter the completion of the game, but we feel that *Warlord* will be a better game for it.

• Attention Gaming Groups •

Bids are now being accepted to host Origins '79. If your group is interested, contact Don Greenwood, c/o Avalon Hill, 4517 Hartford Road, Baltimore MD 21214. Only serious parties need apply. This is an unparalleled opportunity for your organization.

The following Warlord game map has been altered to indicate the five church fiefs (white areas with ) and the twelve recommended starting fiefs (cross hatched areas).



THE DRAGON **Creature Feature Contest #2** **“Paint That Monster”**

This contest is for all of the artists out there reading this magazine. The description quoted at the end of this piece is excerpted from **SWORDS AGAINST DEATH** by Fritz Leiber, **THE BLEAK SHORE**, @1970, by permission of the author.

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to draw the beastie described in the excerpt. Finished drawings must be no larger than 12 x 14, and no smaller than 3 x 5. Any medium THAT WILL REPRODUCE well is acceptable. Keep in mind that charcoals are extremely difficult to reproduce, as are pencil drawings. Full color is permissible. All drawings, or paintings, must be fixed if the medium requires fixing. All oils must be reasonably dry, or we cannot be responsible for damage.

All entries must be postmarked prior to July 1, 1978. All entries become the property of TSR Periodicals and will not be returned. The winner, as well as many of the also-rans as will fit, will be printed in a future issue, probably in September. Total prizes are not yet determined but the total will be at least as large as Contest #1. Good Luck . . .

from **THE BLEAK SHORE**© Fritz Leiber

. . . For the flat landscape that spread out before them was without sign of life. In front of them the basalt dipped down to form a large hollow of black sand — tiny particles of iron ore. In the sand were half embedded more than two score of what seemed to the Gray Mouser to be inky-black, oval boulders of various sizes. But they were too perfectly rounded, too regular in form to be boulders, and slowly it was borne in on the Mouser's consciousness that they were not boulders, but monstrous black eggs, a few small, some so large that a man could not have clasped his arms around them, one big as a tent . . .

. . . Then he saw that what lay before him was not utterly lifeless.

Movement of a sort had come to the Bleak Shore. A crack had appeared in one of the great black eggs, and then in another, and the cracks were branching, widening as bits of shell fell to the black, sandy floor . . .

. . . The first hint of their nature came in the form of a long, swordlike claw which struck out through a crack, widening it farther.

. . . The two creatures which emerged in the gathering dusk held enormity even for the Mouser's drugged mind. Shambling things, erect like men but taller, with reptilian heads boned and crested like helmets, feet clawed like a lizard's, shoulders topped with bony spikes, forelimbs each terminating in a single yard-long claw. In the semidarkness they seemed like hideous caricatures of fighting men, armored and bearing swords. Dusk did not hide the yellow of their blinking eyes . . .

. . . “For warriors, a warrior's doom.” . . .

. . . then he saw the new-hatched creatures racing toward them, a shrill, eager screeching issuing from their long muzzles. . . .

. . . Counter-thrusts glanced off impenetrable bony armor . . .

. . . The beasts seemed tireless, creatures of bone and metal rather than flesh. . . .

Send entries to
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THE STOLEN SACRIFICE

by

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1.

The man moved silently through the shadows, keeping always to the darkest places. He moved as an animal might, his body poised for instant action, a big hand on the hilt of the longsword by his side. His eyes darted from a doorway to the far corner, where the wind blew a length of scarlet silk hanging from the wall. Caution was in his great body, for he knew that should he be seen this night, death would be his reward.

Niall of the Far Travels was not afraid, though he knew that he would be killed, and in no pleasant way, should anyone discover him, or guess where he went — and why.

For fair Amyrilla of the golden hair had been condemned to die by order of Thyra, queen in Urgrik where Lurlyr Manakor was king. Amyrilla was the favorite concubine of Lurlyr Manakor, and Thyra was jealous of her barbaric beauty. And so Thyra had prevailed upon Lurlyr Manakor to offer her up to the grim god Korvassor in his splendid temple in Urgrik.

Amyrilla was not yet dead. Her death would come in hours, when the priests of Korvassor gathered in the temple to summon up their god. There would be no eyes to see that death, other than those of the priests of Korvassor. Amyrilla would be dragged screaming into the maw of the grim god, to be devoured, and only Lurlyr Manakor would grieve for her.

Well, that was not quite true. Niall would grieve as well, for in the weeks that he had been here in Urgrik, serving under Lurlyr Manakor, Niall had come to know pretty Amyrilla, and had loved her for her gentle ways. Yet now she was to die, abandoned by all save Niall himself.

His huge hand tightened on his swordhilt. Ahead of him, he could see the temple. Its tall towers rose upward almost to the low-hanging clouds, and where the moon shone with silver. The great oaken doors of the temple were locked and bolted; it would be no easy task to win through those doors, to release Amyrilla from the golden clasps that held her and then take her out of the temple, and even out of Urgrik.

Sweat touched the brow of the giant youth. It was not a warm night, the breezes sweeping the streets carried in their touch the hint of coming winter. Yet the sweat stood out on his forehead, for he knew the price he must pay were he to be discovered.

His fur-edged warboots made no sound as he ran from one dark shadow to the next, nor did the chains that held his scabbard jingle. Nearer he came to the temple, ever nearer, and from time to time he paused to stand motionless listening.

No man save himself walked these deserted streets, due to the edict which Lurlyr Manakor had issued. This night of sacrifice must be a silent one. All Urgrik must weep as Lurlyr Manakor wept for the loss of Amyrilla. No man must venture forth upon the streets; only the guards which patrolled them, to make sure the edict was obeyed.

So far, Niall had seen no sign of the guards.

Yet they were here — somewhere.

He paused now at the wall which ran around the vast temple. One leap at that wall and he would be over it, into the temple grounds themselves. From the ground to the temple would be a quick run. Ah, but could he escape discovery in that brief time? Did eyes watch the temple grounds for any rescue attempt?

He did not know. He cared only because he must avoid discovery.

Niall drew breath. It was now or not at all. He must make the attempt, he must rush that wall and go over it, and if he were seen, why then — he would have to fight. And a fight meant he would never rescue that girl with the long golden hair.

He ran. His hands went up to the coping of the wall and next moment he was outlined against the sky. Then he was over and dropping down into a bed of gorgeous pimalotus blooms. He dropped to his knees and waited, heart hammering.

These was no outcry, no rush of soldiers, of guards. He heard no weapons drawn. Slowly he rose and moved forward, and now he went with more confidence, to the nearest temple doorway. His hand touched the great iron handle, and he turned it. The door swung outward and he slipped inside.

There was ebon darkness in here. Only up there by the altar was there any light. Pallid candleflames glowed there, surrounding an almost naked girl who hung in golden chains between two ivory posts. Long yellow hair covered her features, for her head hung low, as though she slept.

This was Amyrilla.

Niall sighed. Then he moved forward, his warboots making no sound on the pavingstones. As he walked through the darkness, his hand fumbled in the leather pouch at his side, in which he had put the picklock that he had made earlier this day against the moment of need.

In the last bit of darkness he paused, studying the temple. It was not yet time for the priests to come with their prayers and exhortations to Korvassor, to entice him out of the worlds wherein he dwelt, but that time was soon. He would have to act swiftly, without thought to consequences.

Niall sprang forward. In a bound he was before the girl, was fumbling with the golden manacles about her wrists. His touch roused her, she lifted her head and stared at him through the golden strands of her long hair. Her blue eyes were wide with terror. Yet that terror faded at sight of him.

"Niall," she breathed.

"Be quiet, girl," he growled.

He worked swiftly, thrusting in his picklock, turning it until he heard the metallic click that told him the manacle was opening. With his left hand around Amyrilla, he held her even as he probed at the other manacle with his right hand.

In moments, she was free.

Yet as she slumped against him, to be lifted against his chest, he heard the faint chanting of the priests. They were coming now, with their incense burners and their acolytes, to summon up Korvassor.

Niall muttered under his breath as he lifted the girl and tossed her over a shoulder. His eyes went to left and right of the great altar where stood the gigantic statue of dread Korvassor. For an instant, he seemed as though turned to stone.

I cannot carry her out the way I came! We would be seen, and herself recaptured when the guards came to slay me. His thoughts ran in a circle, like mice chasing their tails.

Behind the altar, Niall! And — quickly!

The voice sprang to life inside his head, but — he knew that voice. It was the sweet tones of, Lylthia, that girl he had met in Angalore! But Lylthia was not human. No! She was the flesh and blood manifestation of Emelkartha the Evil. Emelkartha, who had taken a fancy to the big barbarian who had aided him in the ruins that had been Kor Magnon, months before!

He leaped. Like a wild animal he leaped, and he ran as runs the wild tiger, gracefully and with easy strength. Straight for the altar he went and then he dodged around behind it.

Amyrilla groaned. Niall grinned, for he knew what a jouncing she was taking, perched on his shoulder like a sack of meal. Well, he couldn't help that. She had to ride where she was, if they were to get out of this alive.

Yet when they were in the darkness behind the high altar, almost under the splayed feet of the statue of Korvassor, he let her slide down his body so that she stood before him.

"If you want to live, girl, you'll be silent."

He felt her nod, even as she shuddered.

The floor, my love. The floor!

He dropped and felt the pavingstones with gentle fingers. Ah, here. His fingertips went over the faint crack, then searched about until he discovered the sunken handle. He plucked at it, felt it rise up. Gripping the handle, he yanked upward and a section of the floor rose.

Niall reached downward, felt a step. Then he caught at Amyrilla, shoved her into that dark opening. Sobbing to herself, she went down the stairs. Instantly, Niall was after her, turning to bring the trapdoor down behind him so that it fitted level to the temple floor.

As he did, he heard a faint shuffling, far below.



Amyrilla shrank back against him, whimpering. Niall growled low in his throat as he pushed past her, lifting his blade from its scabbard. Whatever was down here in these underground lairs was something not quite human. Oh, he had heard tales while he drank with the other guards in the city taverns; there had been whispers of the strange beasts which the priests of Korvassor kept, to be fed with sacrifices, with slaves who had displeased them in some way.

He had no idea what these beasts might be like. He chuckled, thinking that it might be best if Amyrilla could not see them. If they were as hideous as was rumored, she might well scream and so alert the priests as to their whereabouts.

He went down stone steps, half dragging the girl behind him. Always, his sword was out in front, ready to be used against whatever might hurl itself against them. Now that there was an enemy to face, Niall was calm, ready.

He heard nails scrape stone and then something flung itself at him. He could not see it, but neither could it see him. If it had been kept in this darkness for very long, its eyes might be weak. Ah, but its hearing would be fantastic.

Something struck the wall a foot away from him. Niall was aware of an awful stench, and then he was thrusting with his steel. Straight forward he ran his blade, felt it drive into flesh.

Something spurted out and splashed up on him.

He drew back his blade, slashed with it, felt its keen edge going into meat. He had no idea of what this beast was shaped like, yet it lived, it breathed. And it could die.

Twice more he drove in with his sword, and each time he struck home. Now he heard a faint dragging sound, a hushed and labored breathing, and then the sound as of a body falling. Niall reached behind him, caught at the soft hand that lay against his shoulder, and moved down the stairs.

They came to the bottom of the stairs and moved along a stone floor in that utter darkness. To a far wall they went, and grouping along it, Niall discovered a closed door. Fumbling, he found the latch and lifted it.

Brightness came in at them, from wall torches hung here and there along a corridor. Niall urged the girl through the door and closed it behind him.

"Now where?" she whispered. "Where can we go where there is any safety for such as us?"

"Na, na. Don't despair. We'll find a way."

Her eyes were big in her pale face. "How? The queen hates me. She wants me dead. Do you know what they will do to you for trying to rescue me?"

He grinned, showing his white teeth. "We aren't dead yet, girl. I just wish I knew a way out of these catacombs."

Then he shrugged. "We might as well go this way as any." His hand indicated a stretch of lighted corridor before him. "Come along, now."

They went swiftly, with Amyrilla half running to stay even with him. Along one walkway and then another they went until even Niall, with his barbaric sense of direction, confessed himself lost. He had not the slightest idea of where they were, except only that they must be somewhere within the temple grounds.

Yet something told him that they had come too far for that. Surely, they must have passed from under the garden walls that surrounded the temple. And if they had done that, if they could discover an exit, they might find themselves in the city itself.

In time, they came to a tiny staircase that led upwards. Niall mounted it with Amyrilla at his heels. To a door they came, and here Niall paused, debating within himself whether to open it.

What lay beyond this oaken barrier? More danger? Would there be an attack from the city guards? Or would the priests themselves be waiting for them?



Shrugging, Niall caught the handle, moved it. He stepped out into the night air. High above, the broken remnants of what had once been a moon shone down, the clouds since fled westward. The wind was cool on their faces, with a faint remnant of salt in it.

The river lay not far away, then. And on that river would be boats.

Niall paused to scratch his head. His eyes slid sideways at the girl. He had come far these past few months; from distant Styrethia to Angelore, and then on to Urgrik by way of the river Thalamar. Now he could scarcely stay in Urgrik any longer, certainly not with Amyrilla.

Therefore, he would risk the river.

"Stay close beside me," he muttered. "It's death for anyone to be caught out of doors this night."

She nodded understandingly and half-ran beside him as he angled his long stride toward the river-front. The smell of salt grew stronger the closer they came to the docks, and now they began to hear the gurgle of waves against the pilings.

At his side, Amyrilla turned to stare back the way they had come. And she gasped, her fingers tightening on Niall's arm. A whimper grew in her throat.

"What's amiss?" he asked, swinging about.

Two red eyes gleamed in the night sky, above the temple to Korvassor. Unblinkingly they stared, and it seemed to Niall that they looked right down inside him, those eyes, studying this man who had dared to snatch away the sacrifice that belonged to the god of Urgrik.

There was no body to those red eyes, just the eyes themselves, and bile rose up in Niall at the sight. The priests did not know where their sacrifice had gone, and so they had enlisted the aid of their god. To good effect, too. Those red eyes had seen him, had glimpsed the girl also. Soon now, the priests would learn where they went.

Niall wasted no time on curses. Their only hope now was the river and a fast boat to sail on it. He swung Amyrilla up in a brawny arm and began to run. He went swiftly, as though he might outrun the stare of those unblinking eyes.

As he ran, his eyes slid across the boats anchored in the river, observing their shape, the set of their masts. He wanted a small ship, a fast one, and he found it with his stare, after a time. He angled his run toward an old pier, half rotted, and carried the girl with him out onto those boards.

An instant he paused, to ask, "Can you swim?"

"Like a darson," she panted. "But it's no use!"

We —"

He left the pier, plunging downward into the water. As he did, he released Amyrilla. They went deep, and when they came to the surface, they struck out toward the little ship Niall had marked for their own. Behind them, the city was silent. Too silent, Niall found himself thinking. Surely, the priests knew where they were, now. Korvassor would have told them.

Why then, was there no pursuit? No alarm?

He clambered up onto the ship, reached downward to help the girl, dragging her up onto the deck. For an instant they stood together, dripping water on the deckplanks, staring at those red eyes that watched them.

Niall ran for the sail, curled about the spar. He shook it free of its ropes, then caught at the ropes to raise it. A wind sprang up behind them, filling out the sail.

"The anchor," he growled, and the girl ran forward to catch hold of the chain and lift it upward.

The boat began to move, slowly at first, then more rapidly as the sail filled out and her keel slid through the water. With a hand on the tiller, Niall stared off toward the temple.

The red eyes stared, unblinking.

The priests would be moving now. They would come for their prey. There would be no escaping them.

3.

The wind blew even more strongly, and now the little craft skimmed across the water, heading northward. Niall stood by the steering-post, his back buffeted by that wind which was intensifying almost to the proportions of a gale. On the deck at his feet, Amyrilla crouched, quivering and moaning. Above and before them, the sail was being strained almost to the ripping point by that monstrous gust, while beneath them the ship fled like a terrified thing.

They headed into darkness, where even the keen eyes of Niall of the Far Travels were almost blind, for without the pale light of the ring of matter that once had been a moon, high above his world, the night was an ebon blackness all about them. Yet the ship sailed on, rushing through the water, as though demon-borne.

Yonder, Niall! There where the light gleams soft and pale!

Aye, that was Emalkartha again, whispering in his mind. He stared through the darkness and saw at last a tiny flicker of light, high up on what seemed to be cliffs. For all his far travels, Niall had never been in this corner of his world before, he knew nothing of its shape. Yet those were cliffs, he felt certain, and he swung the rudder-pole.

Now that wind abated, grew to a mere breeze, and within seconds his keel was grating on tiny stones. Above him and at a distance, he saw that pale light beckoning. His hand went downward, caught hold of the girl, raised her to her feet.

"Up there," he growled. "There we can find safety."

Her head swung about so she could see where he was looking, and the breath caught in her throat. She shrank away from him, lips quivering.

"Not there — no!" she whispered.

Her fear made him glance down at her. "And why not, girl?"

"There are ruins there — old, old ruins. Men tell tales of those ruins, and always they speak in whispers."

"Tales to frighten little children. I tell you, we're safe enough. It comes to me that our only means of escape from Korvassor is to go there, to hide."

She fought him, trying to escape the hand that held her wrist. Fright looked out at him from her eyes, a deadly terror that made him pause even as he tugged her toward the gunwale. Her face was con-

torted, her lips drawn back, her nostrils flaring outward.

"They say — they say that Death waits for anyone who enters that temple. Hideous death!"

Niall shrugged and nodded back the way they had come. "Look behind you, Amyrilla. Look!"

She turned her head, saw the distant red eyes hanging above the temple. Far away they were, yet they watched. The girl shuddered. And now she could hear sounds behind her, the rasp and grate of oars in their locks, the swish and swirl of water rushing past the prows of ships.

"Men come for us," growled Niall. "Would you be taken back to Korvassor, to be — eaten — by him?"

She whimpered, but she no longer fought the tug of his hand. She ran beside him to the gunwale, was lifted and tossed overside onto the pebbled beach. In a moment Niall was beside her, catching her hand and leading her across the beach and toward the cliff.

He could make out a vague path carved out of the rock itself, leading upward to the top of the cliff. He went up it slowly, his sword Blood-drinker in his hand, and with a prayer to Emalkartha on his lips. Behind him, Amyrilla came, reaching out to touch him with soft fingertips, to make certain that she did not lose him.

Now as they went higher and yet higher, he could feel a difference in the air about him. It was colder, and seemed filled with tiny motes of light, like fireflies almost, that seemed to whisper about them as they climbed. The girl began to whimper aloud now, and came even closer to his big body.

"The realm of the evil spirits that dwell in the ruined temple," she breathed.

Niall scowled. He could not contradict her; for all he knew, she might be right. Yet Emalkartha had bid him come here, and to that place where the pale light glowed he was going. It seemed to him that he was moving more swiftly, now that he was in among the tiny lights. They flared and surged, they seemed to — beckon — to urge him on in the very faintest of whispers.

He could not understand those whispers, yet he sensed their friendliness. Once he looked back toward the river, and saw three warships filled with soldiers, moving toward his beached vessel. Three warships! Whoever captained them was complimenting his fighting abilities. Not even with his sword Blood-drinker could he hope to withstand so many warriors.

But perhaps he would not have to fight them. It might be that in that ruin up above, he could successfully hide from them. What was it Amyrilla had said? That Death waited for anyone who went into what was left of the temple up there? Well, death waited for them below, too. They couldn't escape it, apparently. Still, Emalkartha had brought them here, and he trusted that goddess.

They came to the top of the cliff, and in the darkness which was lighted by the tiny little glows, he made out a stretch of crumbled rock, of tiny stones. A dead place, surely! Yet ahead were white columns and broken bits of wall which once had been — long ages ago! — the fane of some god.

He walked toward it, sword out and the girl half-running beside him. Behind him, the warriors of Lurlyr Manakor and his queen were coming ashore, their weapons out to capture them. And always the tiny, elfin voices of those faint lights urged him onward, bidding him hurry, hurry!

Then he was at the rim of what had been a temple, long ago.

The brightness he had seen from the river shone eerily, here. Wisps and bits of those tiny lights in the air outside seemed almost to have coalesced inside the temple, forming a brilliant nimbus of cold light. It hung a few feet above the tessellated floor, shimmering, incandescent, and it appeared to whisper as

the tiny lights had whispered.

"What is this place?" Amyrilla whispered.

"I thought you knew," he growled.

"I know only what the rumors say. That ages ago it was a temple to some god or goddess, that it had been abandoned. Yet — yet here Death waits for any who enter, who dare to — profane it."

"And that light?"

The girl shook her head. "I never heard of that."

Niall stared more closely at that strange, glowing globe. There seemed to be a life to it — inside it — as sentient as he himself. He grew aware of a vast intelligence, it appeared almost to whisper out at him, urging, commanding. There was an imperiousness to it that reached outward toward him.

It wanted him to do something.

Yes, he knew that, suddenly. But — what?

He heard faery laughter. *Foolish one. Do you think he can understand you, after so many eons in which you have lain sleeping? Na, na, Devolian!*

There was an utter silence. Yet outside that silence there was — danger! Something in Niall stirred to it, and a corner of his mind whispered to him that while he stood here before this eerie light, armed men were climbing cliffs for him.

Unless Emalkartha aided him, he was doomed. Alone, he would never be able to drive away those warriors who were even now coming for him and Amyrilla.

"What?" he growled. "Gods! What do you want me to do?"

Reach inside the light, Niall! Reach and — grasp!

Niall was dubious. The light surged and waxed even brighter. It was not hot, but it was cold, numbing. He could feel that cold, it made him shiver.

But if Emalkartha wanted it —

He shifted his sword to his left hand and reached out into that brilliance with his right. He touched nothing, he felt only a paralysing coldness, an arctic chill that ran up his arm and into his very heart. He swayed, eyes half closed, knowing that in a moment, he was going to collapse. No human flesh was ever meant to stand such cold.

And then —

His fingers tightened on something hard.

Draw it forth, Niall of the Far Travels. Draw it forth!

He yanked his arm free of that brightness. Clutched in his big hand was a piece of what seemed to be crystal. It was shapeless, and yet —

Niall scowled. There was shape to this thing. Inside himself, he knew it. Yet it had been fashioned in a world which was not of his. As his fingers went over it, as his eyes studied it, and he found himself remembering that in his early youth, just when he had taken up his profession of sell-sword, he had seen something akin to this thing that he held in his fingers.

It had been in Styria, when he had ridden with the Red Guards of Falffarran. They had made a long ride across a corner of the Lomarrian Desert, which was reputed to be what was left of a fertile land that had existed a hundred thousand years before. There had been a ruined temple in that desert, a thing of broken columns and shattered walls.

In a part of that ruined fane, he had come upon a shattered statue. Now if that statue had been whole and unbroken, it might look like this crystal thing. Very much like it.

"Devolian," he whispered.

And in answer, or so it seemed, that crystal thing grew warmer and comforting. It grew brighter, radiant, and from within it, he heard the faint music of a million bells thinly chiming . . .

"Niall!"

He dragged his eyes from the crystal statue to stare at Amyrilla. She was looking behind him, at the cliff's edge, and there was utter terror in her blue eyes.

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T-1
STANDARD



Y-5

TSOLYÁNU

- T-1 COMMAND
- T-2 HEAVY INFANTRY PIKEMAN
- T-3 HEAVY INFANTRY ARCHER
- T-4 LEGION OF RED DEVASTATION
- T-5 WARRIOR PRIEST OF FIRE
- T-6 SOKATIS MEDIUM INFANTRY
- T-7 ARIDANI LIGHT INFANTRY GIRL
- T-8 VRA LIGHT INFANTRY SLINGERS



T-2

YÁN KÓR

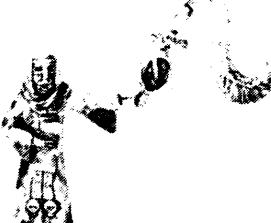
- Y-1 COMMAND
- Y-2 HEAVY INFANTRY PIKEMAN
- Y-3 HEAVY INFANTRY ARCHER
- Y-4 DHÁRU MEDIUM INFANTRY
- Y-5 MEDIUM INFANTRY
- Y-6 LIGHT INFANTRY SKIRMISHER
- Y-7 MÁKHIS LIGHT INFANTRY ARCHER
- Y-8 HLÍKKU DESERT WARRIORS



Y-1
STANDARD

NON-HUMAN & SPECIAL

- P-1 PRIEST OF HRY'Y
- NH-1 SHÉN WARRIOR
- NH-2 SSÚ
- NH-3 HLÁKA
- NH-4 AHOGGYA
- NH-5 GREAT SRO
- NH-6 SHÉN WARRIOR



P-1



Y-3

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Niall swung about.

Moving toward him were several lines of swordsmen, their blades naked in their hands, their faces illy seen beneath their helmets. On their armor he could make out the basilisk insignia of the kingdom of Urgrik. They came slowly but steadily, for their prey was here in the temple of the forgotten god, Devolian. There was nowhere for them to run, no place to hide. All that was needed to do now was attack and subdue them.

Niall grinned. Cold was his grin, and unpleasant. A few of the men in that front line who saw his grimace, shuddered and knew fear in their hearts. Aye! They knew the way of Niall of the Far Travels with his sword Blood-drinker. And they were not eager to be the first ones to test his swordarm.

Yet they came on, urged by their officers and by the weight of the men who came behind them. Sweaty hands worked on swordhilts, getting a firmer grip. Soon enough they would stand before Niall and that sword of his. Soon enough.

Niall awaited their coming, his own sword ready. Slightly behind him was the girl. She was breathing harshly, yet she was no longer whimpering.

Niall chuckled. "A cleaner death, girl, than being taken by Korvassor. A couple of slices from those blades, and we'll stand together before Father Thimugor, waiting for his judgment on our lives."

"They won't kill us," she whispered. "They want us — alive!"

He thrust the crystal into his belt-pouch, closed the hasp. Then he moved forward to the edge of the broken pavement, sword in his hand. Behind him came Amyrilla.

They came then, in a coordinated rush, pale light glimmering on their swordblades. These were veterans of the wars of Lurlyr Manakor, who had fought the savages of the eastern frontiers, who had battled against the troops of Queen Thalmyra, who had stood off the hordes of Omar Khan.

Niall went to meet them, sword swinging. Two men went down before that first sweep of the blade, then another, and now he stood surrounded, the ringing clash of steel on steel drowning out the gasps of and curses of the fighting men. Niall was everywhere, leaping, dodging, ducking a blow and thrusting.

He fought carefully, without seeming plan. Yet always he manoeuvered his path toward a great pillar, crumbling away under the weight of the eons, until at last he put his spine to it so that no man could come at him from behind, and now he fought as does the wounded bear, snarling beneath his breath and thinking only of killing as many of his adversaries as was possible.

His great, rolling muscles shifted under his tanned hide as he moved his sword one way and then another, catching a man rushing in boldly or driving out to draw blood from another as that man was seeking to outflank him. He felt a tug at his belt and knew that Amyrilla was lifting out his dagger, using it to stab those who came within reach of that sharp Orravian steel.

The battle was hopeless, of course. Yet perhaps because of its very hopelessness, Niall fought as he may never have fought before. No beginner, he, to the clang and clash of weapons. All his life he had fought, it was a way of life for him. He took rash chances, sometimes leaping from the broken pillar to transfix two men before any could guess his intent, then leaping back to rest his giant frame against the crumbled rock obelisk.

Yet he did not die. Swords cut into his flesh, but these were minor wounds. Blood ran down his shoulder and sides, and his legs bled too, where sharp steel had sliced him. Yet he stood tall and firm, and his swordarm seemed untrifling. But there was a growing weariness inside him, in his blood, in his muscles. Not much longer could he stand here against a small army.

There were no arrows shot at him, no spears appeared, they wanted him alive, to offer him up to Korvassor. He and the girl, these were to be the sacrifices.

Dawn was in the air, a brightness to the east, when they rushed him. Half a dozen lines of rested veterans came forward at the run, shields up. The men he had been fighting drew back to give them room. Niall saw them coming, saw the tilted shields locked together. There would be no escape.

He smiled bitterly. "It ends, Emalkartha," he whispered.

His sword came up and he struck with it, but he hit only those shields, knowing as he did so that these veterans were using not swords but ropes against him — nets that would cling to him, that would hamper his swordarm. He felt their touch, he tried to evade them, but could not.

They fell about him, faster and faster, as those veterans flung them. Entangled in those strands, his swordarm useless, nevertheless he battled on as best he could until the haft of a dagger struck him between the eyes.

Niall dropped and lay motionless . . .

He opened his eyes to the movement of a boat through water. Amyrilla knelt beside him, his head on her thigh, her head bent and her tears dropping slowly on his face. There were many men around them, armed men. When they saw his eyes staring up at them, they grinned and moved closer.

"Man, you're a fool," one said.

"To risk your life for a dancing girl!"

"But — gods! How you can fight!"

There was no enmity in them, only a mild envy. And a grim sympathy. They knew how he would die, chained to those ivory posts, when Korvassor came to claim him. It would not be a nice death, absorbed into the god-being.

"More than a score of men dead, two score with wounds," one man was muttering, shaking his head. "I thought no one man could ever cause such havoc against such fighters as we have in the Borstyrian Guard."

"It's a waste of a good man," another murmured.

"You've angered Lurlyr Manakor," a captain nodded. "Bad enough to offend the queen, which you did when you stole the girl. But the king — ah, that was a true mistake."

Niall growled, "What difference does it make? I'll die. A man can die only once."

"But you won't die. That is, not actually die. Whoever is absorbed into Korvassor becomes a part of him and — lives on."

Niall shuddered.

4.

He hung from golden chains between two ivory posts. Beside him, so that he could see her by turning his head, he could make out the naked body of Amyrilla, slumped down so that she would have fallen but for the manacles clasped to her wrists.

From the girl, his eyes went around the temple. It was dark here, except for the few tapers that were lighted here and there on the altar. They were the only ones in the temple. They were the sacrifices, those who were to be offered up to Korvassor.

Soon now would come the priests. And after them, Lurlyr Manakor and his queen, Thyra of the Midnight Hair. The king and queen would come here to see them taken by the god-being. They would want to know that their vengeance was complete.

Niall rattled the golden chains that held him prisoner. The sound of their clashings was loud in the stillness of the temple. Sweat came out on his forehead but it was not the sweat of fear but rather that of fierce fury. He had never been so helpless. Never!

For a moment he thought of biting his wrists, of letting his blood run out of his body, so as to kill

himself and cheat Lurlyr Manakor of his vengeance and Korvassor of his flesh. Yet the will to live pounded strongly within Niall of the Far Travels, he was not a man to yield himself so shamelessly.

But he did not want to die!

Nor shall you, Niall. Not with myself beside you.

The words were in his mind even as he saw a faint shimmering, as though faery lights were gathering before him. And then, shrined in that pale brilliance, he saw — Emalkartha. No, not Emalkartha but — Lylthia!

Aye! The goddess stood before him in her human guise, as once she had appeared in Angalore to the south, clad only in that bit of rag she had worn there, when he had rescued her and then, slept as she fled away to die — apparently — on the death-stone of the wicked mage, Maylock.

She stepped toward him, smiling. Her arms came up to go about his neck and her red lips were pressed against his own. For an instant, he knew utter bliss. His senses leaped and quivered to the delight of her caress.

And then, smiling up at him teasingly, she stepped back, lifting a hand and shaking a finger at him in mock anger.

"Do you think I would let Korvassor take you? Do you, Niall? Na, na. Emalkartha is no wanton, to toss her lover to the gods. There is a plan, Niall. And you must play a part in it."

"What part?"

"Nay, now. This I cannot tell — lest you betray to Korvassor what I have in mind. Just be easy. Act as though you knew me not. Is this agreed between us?"

Niall scowled. "Agreed," he muttered.

The ways of a goddess were strange to mortal men. He wondered what was in her mind. Yet he did not wonder long, for she came forward, pressing herself against him and kissing him again, and once more Niall knew that strange ecstasy which only Lylthia — or — Emalkartha — could bring to him.

He heard a distant sound.

At once, Lylthia drew away, laughed softly, and began to fade. But just before she disappeared, she raised pink fingers to her mouth and blew him a kiss.

The sound grew louder and now Niall knew it for the strum of sistrums, the tinkle of bells, the musical clangor of cymbals. Voices too, he heard, raised in song.

That chant grew louder and now he could make out, at the far end of the temple, the procession of priests who came toward them, served by acolytes. Candles swayed, lighting their way. Their chant grew more solemn, raised in worship of the god.

Niall stood firmly on his warbooted feet. He would meet these priests as he met warriors: head up, with no fear in his heart. His eyes slid sideways, toward Amyrilla. The girl was conscious now, rising to her full height. Yet her lips quivered, and he saw tears gathering in her eyes.

"I'll save you," he muttered. "So stop worrying."

She gasped, turning to eye him in stunned amazement. "Save me? But how? You're chained just as I am."

He could not tell her of Lylthia, nor of her promise. And so he muttered, "There will be a way. Just trust me."

Amyrilla sighed, but the color came back into her cheeks, and she stood more bravely than before. Indeed, as Niall thought, they both seemed far more defiant than the occasion warranted. The priests of Korvassor sensed this defiance, and on their pale faces smiles sprang into being. Only the high priest, an old man with long white hair and a beard, gazed at them dubiously, as though he sensed that their defiance was based on something other than mere human courage.

The priests took up their places before the altar. In low voices they chanted on, but still they waited.

Now the great doors at the far end of the temple opened, and down the broad aisle came armed men, fanning out as they approached the altar. Behind them, in gilded palanquins, came King Lurlyr Manakor and his queen, Thyra the Dark one. They were here to witness the fit punishment of those who had transgressed against them.

Lurlyr Manakor stepped from his palanquin when it came to a halt, and walked forward toward the altar. He was a big man lately run to fat, but the huge body and the iron will, which had made him a conqueror of nations, could still awe the onlookers.

Toward Niall he walked, though his eyes swung sideways toward the naked body of Amyrilla. In happier days, she had been his favorite. But since he had wedded Thyra of the Midnight Hair, he had been forced to put Amyrilla aside. Even to offer her up to Korvassor as a sacrifice.

The king sighed once, then twice, and then he looked at Niall. There was no hate in his eyes, only pity. In a low voice so that neither the priests nor the acolytes might hear him, he spoke to the Sellsword.

"I am sorry you failed. If it were up to me, neither of you would die. I would set you free and pay you good gold to see you on your way." He shook his head. "But I no longer reign in Urgrik. The priests of Korvassor rule this city."

Niall said nothing, yet felt pity for this man in his heart. He was a conqueror, a fighting man, yet in his crown city, he was subject to the priests and to his wife, the Queen Thyra. Lurlyr Manakor eyed him a moment, then turned away.

Now the curtains of the second palanquin moved, fluttering. And out stepped Thyra, clad all in ebon robes, with her long black hair bound with diamonds and pearls. She was a beautiful woman, everyone acknowledged that — yet Niall thought to read cruelty in her hard eyes, in her pale face. She stood a moment as slavegirls lifted off the jet robe in which she was swathed. Now she was revealed in a thin garment of purest black silk in which threads of gold were cunningly woven. Golden sandals were on her small feet.

Thyra moved across the flaggings, smiling almost to herself. Toward Amyrilla she walked, and at her every step her cruelty became more manifest. Her lips were drawn back, her eyes became slit.

She came to a halt. Her hand darted out, clapping hard against the face of the girl in the golden manacles. Loud and sharp were the sounds of those slaps, and Amyrilla's head was knocked sideways by their force.

Then Thyra turned toward Niall and now he could see the hard eyes, the distorted lips. She came toward him, and for a moment their eyes locked. Hers were haughty, proud, and still cruel.

"You dared?" she breathed. "You dared to try and rescue her for whom I had decreed death. Well, you shall pay the penalty along with her. Remember Thyra wherever it is that Korvassor takes you."

She turned and moved away, and now the sistruins and the flutes began to wail again, very softly. In was an eerie tune they played on their instruments, and a cold chill went down Niall's spine.

They were summoning Korvassor. He had learned enough about Urgrik and its ways since he had arrived here to take service with Lurlyr Manakor to know that much. In hushed whispers over goblets filled with Kallarian wine, men had spoken of the temple and that which came into it when the music played and the priests chanted.

Now the priests were chanting in some long-forgotten language. The sound of those words made Niall even colder. What they did here was obscene, frightful. They were summoning up dread Korvassor, were offering to him the bodies of a man and a woman.

Niall rattled his chains as he stretched his big body. Fury grew inside him, a raw heat that seemed almost to lift him upward. It was not a human an-

ger, but rather a rage that seeped into him from outside.

"I defy Korvassor!" he bellowed. "Let him come. I shall destroy this god you worship."

There was a silence after his outburst. Even the sistruins and the flutes had stilled. The priests looked at one another, then at the high priest who stood motionless, eyes hollowed in his head. Those eyes burned at Niall, filled with fury and with — what? Foreknowledge of some awesome doom?

Queen Thyra moved from where she had stationed herself beside Lurlyr Manakor. Her right hand came up, imperiously. "The man is half-dead with fright. Why do you hesitate? Continue the ritual."

The sistruins woke to life, and with them the cymbals. Loudly they sounded, as though they might drown out the words of this giant who hung in the golden manacles. Niall moved his eyes from the musicians to the priests, to that high priest who regarded him so dubiously.

There was doubt in his eyes, and worry.

Lurlyr Manakor too, looked uncomfortable. Yet his queen stood regally proud, her head held high, her eyes burning with the hate she had for Amyrilla and this barbarian who hung in the golden chains.

Heat gathered on the altar. Niall felt it as he might a hot fog, creeping over the tiles, seeping upward about his legs and hips. To one side, Amyrilla moaned, as she too felt that awful heat. Soon now, Korvassor would emerge from whatever worlds he inhabited and — take them.

Words whispered in his mind, and in answer to them, Niall stiffened his body, stood upright and shook the golden chains that held him.

"I defy Korvassor," he bellowed. "I defy the wicked one — in the name of Devolian himself!"

The high priest gasped.

And the heat fled back, away from Niall. It retreated, almost as though fearful of him. The sistruins strummed and the cymbals clanged, even louder. The priests chanted with harsh voices.

Slowly the hot mists crept back. Slowly, slowly. They surged about his feet, ran up his legs to his hips and higher. It grew hard to breathe, for those mists were strangling him, almost suffocating him. Niall shook himself, rattling the chains.

Now he saw that those before him — the musicians, the acolytes, the priests themselves — were drawing backward, away from the high altar. There was fear in their eyes as they stared at something behind Niall. Fear and awe and something of — horror. Only the high priest stood firm.

Niall swung about, stared.

Something was forming behind the altar, in the curved niche that reared high above the statue of Korvassor. Shapeless and formless it was, black and evil. Menacing! In the middle of that amorphous bulk, two red eyes shone forth, unblinkingly.

A coldness settled in Niall.

This was Korvassor, summoned from his hells, eager to devour that which was being offered to him. This was the wicked god of Urgrik, he who came from beyond Time and Space. He-who-devours.

Fear not, Niall! I am with you!

Ah, that was Emalkartha, whispering again in his mind. Ha! Easy for her to say, not to be afraid. But by all the Gods! This thing was something out of nightmare, something which should never have been born.

What defense could anyone have against it?

The hot mists were all over him now, stifling him. Yet it seemed to Niall that those mists did not sting him as fiercely as they had done. It was almost as though he had become immune to them, or that he was — protected.

Korvassor bulked huge now, filling the space behind the altar. He was beginning to flow forward, emerging onto the altar tiles themselves. Shapeless he was, and of no certain outlines, yet the menace

that emanated from that gross bulk was as palpable as the flagstones on which Niall stood.

Ah, now Korvassor was completely out of that far-distant world he inhabited. His bulk was moving, sliding — oozing — across the tiles, straight for his victims. The red eyes studied them hungrily. Almost, the hulk seemed to drool.

Faster it flowed. Faster!

A tentacle touched Niall, paralysing him. Agony stabbed inward from his skin, around which that black tentacle was clasped. Yet Niall did not cry out. Rather, he stood firm, almost defying this god-being who had come for him.

Korvassor felt that defiance and was puzzled.

The red eyes grew angry.

More and more of that black bulk flowed forward. It hovered high above Niall, and paused, waiting. In another moment, it would dart downward to surround him, absorb him.

Something stirred, close to Niall. Stirred and waited.

Korvassor swooped downward. His tentacles fashioned arms that stretched out to gather him in. Swiftly he moved, blotting out all sight from the waiting Sellsword. Then those dark arms closed on him.

Niall felt the pain, the agony. He opened his mouth to scream. No mere man could endure such pain! His heart pounded, the sweat ran out of his pores. And yet — and yet — he still stood. And now — that agony was receding.

Something was flowing out of Niall, something that ran with the swiftness of water rippling over brookstones. It went to meet Korvassor, went eagerly, almost singing as it flowed. Niall shuddered, knowing suddenly that this was Devolian — Devolian, whom he had brought here from that abandoned temple, in that crystal shape.

I am here, black one! You of the red eyes, I am come at last!

Korvassor screamed.

There was agony in that scream, and despair. Niall felt those emotions as a distant part of himself, and he knew that just as Korvassor was experiencing them, so he was himself, since he was a part of that god-being.

Then, abruptly, Korvassor spewed him forth.

Niall crumpled on the tiles, staring. No longer were the golden manacles on his wrists, they lay beside him on the floor.

High above, the blackness which was Korvassor wrestled with the thing that was Devolian. Fiercely they fought. Fiercely! Korvassor sought to retire into that curving space out of which he had come, yet always Devolian was there before him, to prevent it. And now, slowly, Korvassor was weakening. Less furious were the rushes he made, not so brilliant were his red eyes. And always, that which was Devolian closed in about him, surrounding him.

Niall glanced back at the priests.

They stood as though under a spell, only their eyes being alive. The high priest was very pale, very frightened. The fear in him was like a living thing. And to one side, Amyrilla lay unconscious in her golden manacles.

Now Korvassor merely writhed in the watery tentacles that gripped him, squeezing him. The red eyes were dimmed, almost to extinction. In another moment, they would disappear.

And then — suddenly — only Devolian stood upon the tiles.

Transparent he was, a shimmering curtain of brilliant lights. Niall heard those lights whispering joyously, radiant with delight, with power. Forward moved that curtain, quivering, sentient! It poised a moment above Niall, almost as though contemplating him.

Downward stretched an arm of those lights, touched him.

My thanks, man of this world. But for you, I

should never have been able to trap Korvassor, to destroy him!

Niall had never felt so energetic. The power of Devolian swam through his flesh, his veins. He straightened, all the agony and its memory gone from him. He put a hand on his sword, half-lifted it from the scabbard.

"I have enemies too, Devolian. Let me —"

Nay, now. These are my enemies as well.

Forward swept that living curtain, toward the priests and the acolytes of Korvassor, and when it touched them, they became shimmering motes of brightness that faded into nothingness. The high priest screamed and whirled to flee but Devolian swept forward, rushed over him — and the high priest no longer existed.

The curtain poised, moved forward.

Thyra the Dark screamed once, a high shrilling that reverberated from wall to wall of the temple. She turned as had the high priest, but the curtain of lights surged forward, touched and enveloped her.

Niall heard a faint, distant keening. Then — silence.

Slowly now, the curtain faded, and where it had stood was emptiness.

Niall growled and moved toward Amyrilla. But he was too slow. Lurlyr Manakor raced forward, his

hand getting a key out of his pouch. It was his hand that inserted the key, his arms that caught the girl as she stirred and looked up at him.

"Can you forgive me? It was not I but Thyra and the high priest who condemned you. They worshipped Korvassor, it was they who insisted on restoring the old worship, the giving of sacrifices."

Amyrilla smiled faintly. "There is nothing to forgive, Lurlyr. Yet there is thanks to be said — to Niall."

Lurlyr Manakor flushed and glanced sideways. "There is that, of course. And you know how deeply I am indebted to you, Niall. Ask what you will of me. Except Amyrilla. Her I mean to marry, to make my queen."

Niall shrugged, remembering that he had acted because of Emalkartha. "No thanks are needed. I did what — I had to."

"You shall be given half my kingdom."

Niall only shook his head. "I'm no ruler. I'm only a warrior."

"Then you shall be made general of my armies. I shall build you a fine castle, I shall fill your chests with gold and jewels. Come now, walk with us out of this temple which is no longer a temple. Come, Niall."

"In a moment."

He watched them move down the aisle, arm in arm. Aye, they were going to be married, to rule together in Urgrik. But he? He who had helped bring this all about? What was there for him that he wanted?

It was a whisper in the air, no more. Yet every part of his body quivered to the sound of that voice. "Where are you?" he asked hoarsely.

"Soon I shall come to you, Niall. Soon, now. Be patient."

She came out of the shadows, almost naked, still wearing those bits of rag which she had worn in An-galore. She was smiling, she was holding out her arms. And Niall stepped into them.

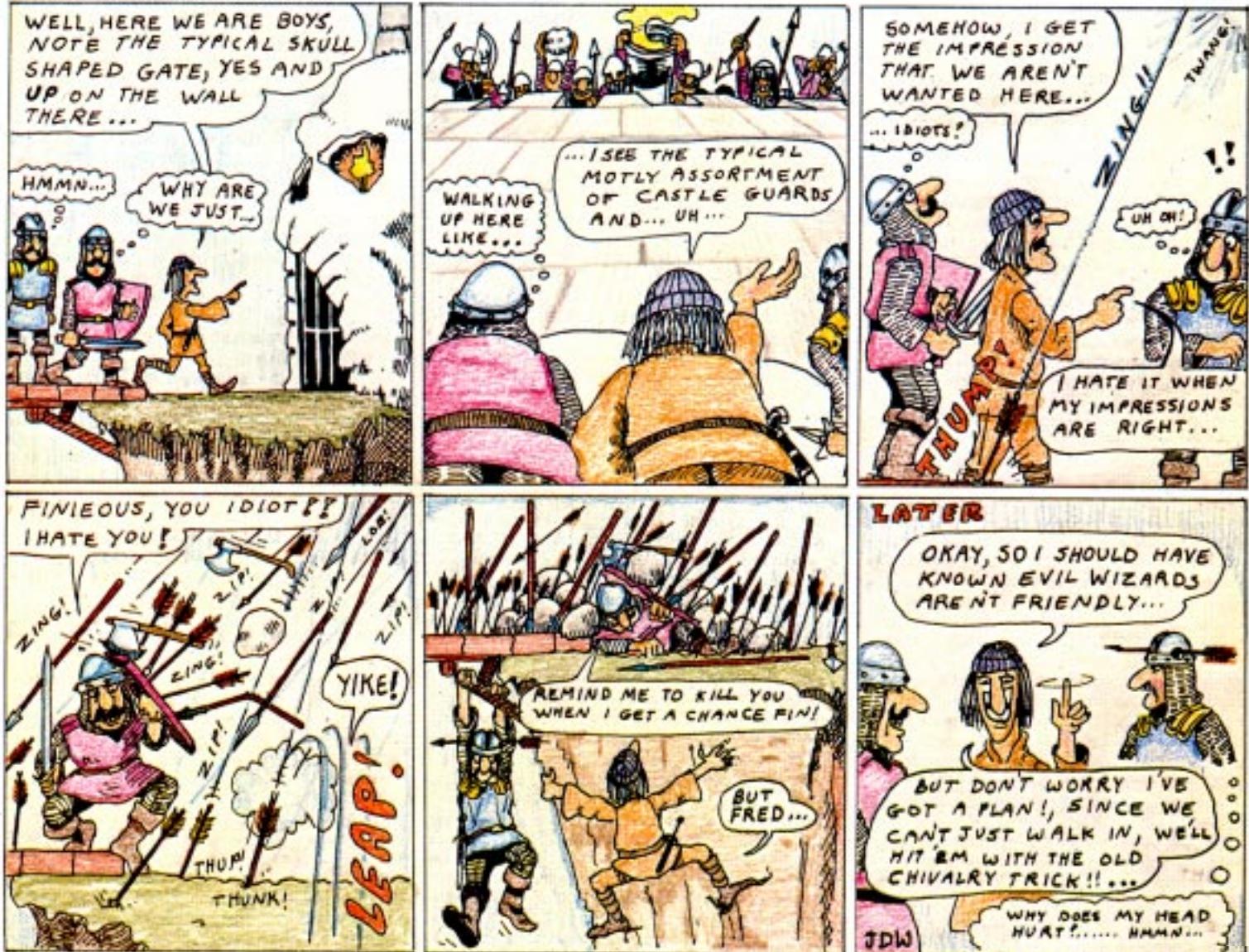
He held her for a long time, kissing her. Oh, he knew she would never stay here with him in this world where he lived. But to have her like this, sweet and warm and scented, her soft mouth under his, was reward enough for him who was a sell-sword.

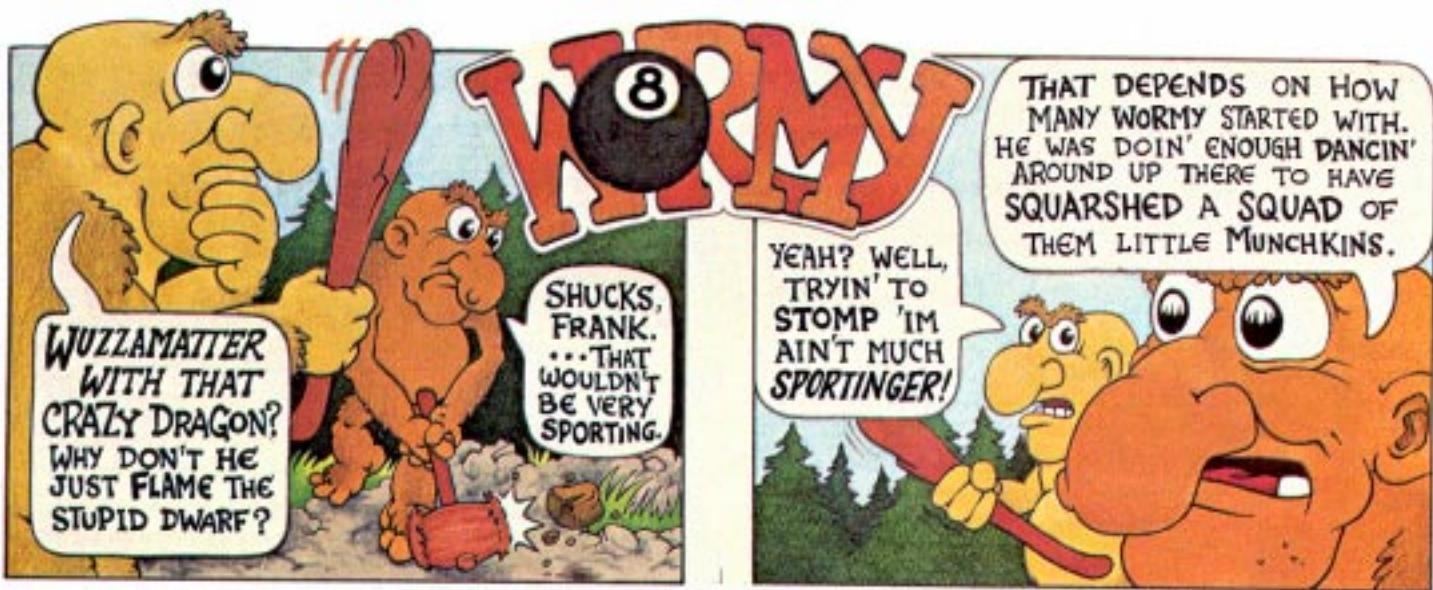
Even when she went away from him, blowing him those kisses, he did not despair. Some day she would come to him again. For that he lived, for that he would wait in patience.

— the end —

Finieous Fingers, Fred & Charly in: "Under Fire" Or How Not to Enter an Evil Wizard's Castle

by JD





Winners of Creature Feature Contest #1

This month, due to last minute space limitations, we can only list the winners. Next month, the winner and two runners-up will be printed in their entirety, and the loot detailed. For now, we can only say congratulations and give the value of the prizes. Those that received honorable mention can have an extra copy of TD 14 by writing and asking for it. Winner (\$69 worth of prizes):

Conrad Froehlich — Wyoming, OH — *The Jarnkung*

1st Runner Up (\$35 worth of prizes):

Thomas & Edward McCloud — Hayward, CN — *Cursed Crimson Crawler*

2nd Runner Up (\$25 worth of prizes):

Ann Conlon, Eugene OR — *The Ulik*

NOTES FROM A SEMI-SUCCESSFUL D&D PLAYER

by James Ward

I have been traveling around dungeons for a considerable period of time now, and in that time I have thought up and copied many little tricks that have gotten me out of some tight spots. I am setting them down in the hope that some will profit by them. It also wouldn't hurt if others sent their little tricks in, remembering that sometimes we need all the help we can get.

The first is the creation of a continual light wand. This small baton will give a heatless light in a 24 foot area. It is much better than a torch because you can throw them in an unknown room and they don't go out. It is only a second level spell so it is easy to make. The baton can be kept in a leather holding pouch if darkness is desired. To carry the concept one step further, you could put the spell on arrows and when they hit those monsters used to the darkness the effect would be near blindness.

The second idea needs the fourth level growth/plant spell and a plant control potion. When I have the potion, I carry around a small potted rose plant, in the dungeon. If the situation arises where I am trapped in one of those (ever popular) dead ends and the monster is bearing down on me, the rose bush gets enlarged into a wall and I order it to attack the monster! It is truly gratifying to see the effect of those thorns on the hide of the monster.

Everyone knows of the usefulness of the ten foot pole in many tight places. The use of a five foot steel rod is even more useful in those tight places. You can hang from it and it will not break like the wooden version. It is great for the stopping of those sliding walls. Last, but certainly not least, is its use as a lever of great power.

While we are on the subject of steel, the use of steel potion bottles almost completely ends the chance of breaking them when you fall into a pit or get hit. I say steel, because if you make them out of iron, you could get poisoned. They might be expensive to make but so is your potion.

Everyone knows that vampires cannot stand the smell of garlic. While this is true vampires can stand off in the distance and summon those wolves and bats that are not bothered a bit by the smell. What I do, is carry around small vials of garlic juice that I have squeezed from the buds. If you think the smell of the bud is strong, you should smell the juice. These vials are then thrown at the vampire or just in front of it. I usually get them to turn into dust or gaseous form with this sort of attack. The vials are kept in small steel pouches on my belt of course.

The polymorph spell can be one of the best double attack spells known, if you use it right. For instance, if a cockatrice attacks and you succeed in turning it into a snail you should capture the snail. Then, in the next battle, the snail is thrown in first with a dispell magic following it. The snail becomes a cockatrice and if it survives the transformation it fights your battle for you. If you do not want to bother with the keeping of your polymorphed creatures, I suggest you turn them into a gold fish so at least they die right away. We do not want those creatures coming around again later for revenge.

Then there is the poison on the dagger trick, which every judge is always trying to stop. I have been told that poisons evaporate, poisons exposed to the air lose their effectiveness, or the most used of all, in your area there is no poison strong enough to kill the things you want. I suggest to all you players and especially the magic users that can use only daggers, that any amount of money and effort spent in the procuring of a really effective poison is worth it. I spent over 90,000 gold and haven't regretted a copper piece of it.

All you magic users out there should devote some time and effort to the creation of new spells. It requires money and time, but when you have succeeded you have a sellable item, in the form of a spell only you have. I made a fourth level cold ray that really works great against all creatures and especially those fire types. I particularly like what it does to red dragons. The list of possible spells to be made is endless, with the only limitation being your imagination.

While we are dealing with magic, a set of extra spell books for the magic user is a must. Those things are too easy to destroy, steal, or lose. I know the cost is extreme, but considering their need for you to simply exist as a magic user, they are a must.

My last bit of advice deals with the 8th level permanent spell. This spell, usually only gotten with a scroll, has got to be the best spell there is and every bit as good as a wish. I placed a fly spell on myself and made it permanent. Now gorges and chasms are ignored, I can grab those floating treasures, and sometimes I escape the monsters grasp by simply going up. Friends of mine, like infravision, and protection from evil in combination. The haste spell would be nice, but I have been told that it can cause heart failure, since the body is not made to stand the strain. Sometimes the magic user is lucky enough to charm an extra strong creature and making the charm spell permanent works out great.

Hope some of this helps, those ever suffering players, in the dungeons where the judge is a real sadist!

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CARRION CRAWLER

FREQUENCY: Uncommon
NO. APPEARING: 1-6
ARMOR CLASS: 3 / 7
MOVE: 12'
HIT DICE: 3 + 1
% IN LAIR: 50%
TREASURE TYPE: B
NO. OF ATTACKS: 8
DAMAGE/ATTACK: Paralysis
SPECIAL ATTACKS: As above
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
INTELLIGENCE: Non
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
SIZE: L (9' long)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
Attack Defense Modes: Nil



Carrion crawlers strongly resemble a cross between a giant green cutworm and a huge cephalopod. They are usually found only in subterranean areas. The carrion crawler is, as its name implies, a scavenger, but this does not preclude aggressive attacks upon living creatures, for that insures a constant supply of corpses upon which to feed or for deposit of eggs. The head of the monster is well protected, but its body is only armor class 7. A carrion crawler moves quite rapidly on its multiple legs despite its bulk, and a wall or ceiling is as easily traveled as a floor, for each of the beast's feet are equipped with sharp claws which hold it fast. The head is equipped with 8 tentacles which flail at prey, each 2' long tentacle exudes a gummy secretion which when fresh, will paralyze opponents (save versus paralyzation or it takes effect). As there are so many tentacles with which to hit, and thus multiple chances of being paralyzed, these monsters are greatly feared.

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